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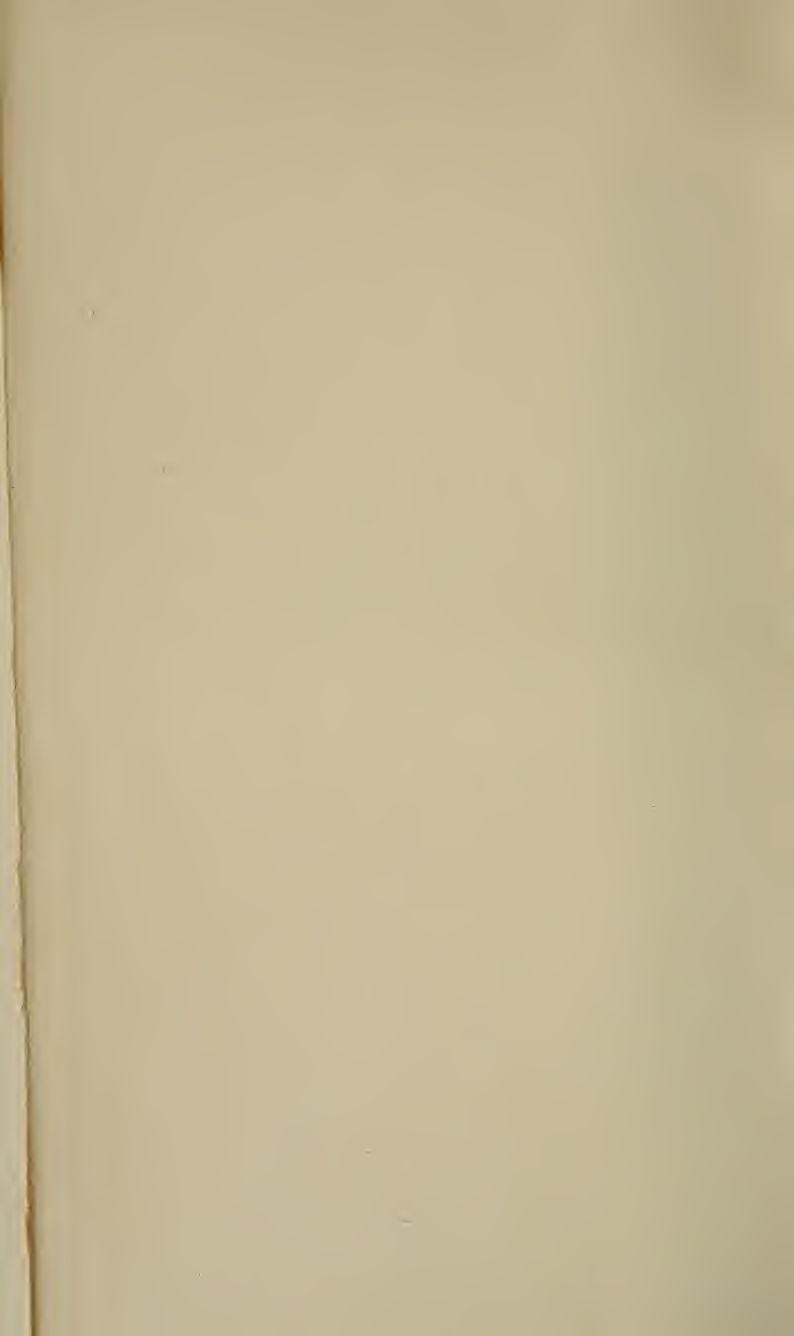
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THE VICISSITUDES OF A LIFE.

SUMMER.

The recurrence of the summer solstice invites the full display of female beauty—adorning the fashionable promenade, the ride, and drive; in all cases, fervid heat, and its concomitant, dust, materially injure the skin, producing sunburn, tan, freckles, and discolorations, of an almost indelible character. To obviate and eradicate these baneful results, recourse may with confidence be had to

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A botanical preparation. Whether resorted to in its specific character as a thorough purifier of existing defects of an eruptive nature, and discolorations of the Skin, or as a benign preserver and promoter of its already bright and glowing tints, this elegant toilet requisite has, in every instance, maintained its claim to the title of "the unfailing auxiliary of female grace." During summer and autumn, which are peculiarly the season, of fashionable movements, the invigorating and refreshing properties, of Rowland's Kalydor will be found singularly agreeable to ladies travelling. The effects produced by temporary exposure to solar heat, upon the face, neck, arms, and hands, being neutralized, and the cloud induced by relaxation and languor dispelled by its power of sustaining a perfect elasticity of the skin; without which, certain deterioration takes place.—Thus, in the usual periodical visits made to the coast, Rowland's Kalydor is indispensable as a preservative after sea bathing, from the irritation caused by the chemical action of saline vapour. As a perfect illustration of the unquestionable safety attending the application of Rowland's Kalydor, and of the wide range of its utility, its introduction to the nursery, with the advantage which ensues in that interesting department of maternal solicitude, is most convincing;—here it soothes every species of incidental inflammation, and fosters all those infantine graces upon which the parental eye dwells with delight.

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"A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, Hatton Garden, London."
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THE VICISSITUDES OF A LIFE.

A Novel.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE GIPSY," "RICHELIEU," "THE FATE,"
"AGNES SOREL," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE
VICISSITUDES OF A LIFE.

INTRODUCTION.

HOW I CAME TO HAVE IT.

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I WAS one time travelling in France. I was a young man without object—without occupation. Literature was the last thing in my thoughts—indeed I believe it never would have entered into them, but for a word or two of encouragement from an American gentleman, most dear

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to me after a lapse of five-and-twenty years, most high in my esteem as a man, and in my admiration as an author. He gave the first impulse to my mind in a certain direction. His opinion was confirmed by another, equally dear, and equally admired by us both, and I became in consequence of an accidental meeting in a remote city of France, what I am, and what I am proud to be—a literary man.

It was some time after this accidental meeting that I was travelling in another Department, as they call it now-a-days, or Province as they called it long ago, when I stopped at an inn or hotel, God bless the mark!—in the famous city of Rennes, the capital of Brittany. The town is a fine old quiet town, which looks as if a good deal of sleep had been the portion of the inhabitants since the revolution; but nevertheless, it has a great number of pleasant people in it, a great number of agreeable social parties, much elegance and grace in its higher

circles, and a numerous collection of beautiful faces and forms—for all of which I am devoutly thankful, as in duty bound.

One's first advent to such a town, however, can never be particularly gay. The circumstances which brought me there, and detained me there for a long time, could not be matters of interest for the general public, but I will own that the first daylight view of the city, though striking and in some degree beautiful—and there are few towns for which I have such a lingering love, perhaps on the same motives which made De Coucy love Fontenoy—was in some degree dull and monotonous; and before I delivered the few letters of introduction which I brought with me, I took a stroll through the streets, with no very pleasant feeling or anticipation.

I had previously passed through that deeply interesting part of France, the Bocage, where deeds of heroism enough were enacted to have made ancient Rome really great—where heroes

fought and died, with a constancy and a quiet fortitude which would have shamed warriors of old, and have put the stoic to the blush.

It is a bright and beautiful land, notwithstanding the desolation which the fierce wrath of the multiform tyranny of republicanism inflicted upon it—notwithstanding the decimation of its inhabitants, and the spilling of the noblest blood that France had ever produced. The dim embowering lanes, deep cut between the fields; the arching boughs over head; the vineyards, and the orchards; the quiet little villages, nooked in bosky shade; the frequent farm-houses, and the châteaux, great and small, which thickly dot the whole of that peculiar region, had produced an effect—strange to say—gay—cheerful—and pleasant, rather than sad, notwithstanding all the gloomy memories of glorious deeds unfruitful, and heroic courage rewarded by death, with which the whole air is loaded. France may boast of her conquests—of the successes which were obtained by the

fierce irruption of the barbarous hordes into dismayed and unconnected lands—of the talent of her generals—of the courage of her plundering troops—of triumph, bitterly atoned by forgotten humiliation; but her real glory lies in La Vendée.

I had gone through this beautiful country—this country dear to the heart of every one who loves honor more than success, and I had come to the extreme point of the frontier, where a great city had possessed the means, and never used them, of rendering gallant devotion triumphant.

The feeling with which I viewed it was, perhaps, not that of disappointment: but a sort of gloom pervaded my mind, a sensation of solitariness—of isolation, not common in French cities, where every one usually seems ready to take upon himself the character of acquaintance, if not of friend.

On entering my inn, which was one where dinner was served *a la carte*, I chose from the

bill of fare, such viands as I thought proper, and sat down to read the newspaper in the public room till the meal was served.

While thus occupied, two or three people came in and went out again ; but one person remained, spoke a few words to the waiter, seated himself in a chair on one side of the long wooden board which served as a very unornamental dinner-table, and taking up one of the public papers, began to read.

After a time I gave a glance at him, and I thought I recognised the features. A second look showed me that I had seen him more than once before in various towns of France. I had even a faint recollection of having met him in good society in England. So it proved ; for a short time after, the stranger's eye turned upon me, and he immediately remembered me. Our acquaintance, previously, had been confined to a few words, and an occasional bow when we met ; but here we were seated together in a dull inn, in a dull town in Brit-

tany—cast, as it were, upon each other for society ; and it may easily be supposed that we soon became more intimate, although I did not altogether like or understand my acquaintance. He was certainly a good-looking man, but his appearance was somewhat singular. He was tall, very powerful in frame, though rather meagre than otherwise, full-chested, broad-shouldered, thin in the flank, long and sinewy in limb. His nose was strongly aquiline, his eye, over-arched by a very prominent eyebrow, was dark, bright and quick. He wore neither whisker nor mustache, and I remarked that his teeth were beautifully white and perfect, although at this time he must have been considerably above fifty. His dress never varied at any time I saw him, consisting of a black coat, waistcoat and handkerchief, drab breeches, and English top-boots. His hat always shone like a looking-glass, and his gloves always fitted beautifully, and seemed to be fresh that day. I found that he spoke English and French with

equal facility, and I never could get any one to tell me what was his country. Frenchmen, who heard him speak, declared at once that he was French, and that no foreigner could ever acquire the accent so perfectly. Englishmen, and myself amongst the number, felt sure that he was English, judging by the same test ; and I am rather inclined to believe now, that he was, in reality, a Russian spy. He never, by any chance, alluded to his country, to his profession, or to his habits—except, indeed, one day, when he called himself a wandering spirit, rarely remaining more than three days in the same place. He must have been well acquainted with Rennes, however, for he knew every nook and corner in the city, and had evidently some knowledge of a great many people in it, for he bowed to many, spoke to several ; but although I afterwards asked several persons whom I had seen him thus recognise, who he was, none of them could tell me, and most of them seemed not much to like the subject.

The first night, we dined together, and shared a bottle of very good wine, which he, either by prescience or memory, recommended as the best which the house could afford. We talked of the town, and of that part of France, and of La Vendée, and in the end, finding I was curious about relics of the ancient times, he offered to take me to some curious places in the vicinity of the town. On the following morning we set out in a carriage from the inn—and here let me notice his scrupulous exactness in paying his precise share of every expense incurred. He never sought to pay more, but would never consent to pay less. On our return, our conversation naturally fell upon all we had seen. We talked of the Chouans, and the Vendean war, and all the gallant deeds that were done in those days; and from that we turned to the Revolutionary history in general, and especially to the campaigns of Massena, and the Arch-Duke Charles, and Suwarow in Lombardy and Switzerland. He gave me a

number of curious anecdotes of those personages, and especially of Suwarow, whom he told me he had himself seen leading on a charge, with a jockey-cap upon his head, a switch in his hand, a boot upon one leg, and a silk stocking on the other.

“Those were strange times,” he said, “and many of the greatest, and most striking events in history, which occurred about that time, are already hardly remembered, from the fact that so many marvellous actions were crowded into so short a space of time, as hardly to leave room to see or to collect them. I was about thirty at the time of that terrible struggle in Switzerland,” he added, “and my memory is quite perfect upon the subject; but when I talk with other people upon those things, and especially with historians, they know little or nothing about them.”

“You must have gone through some strange adventures, I should think,” I answered.

“Oh dear no,” he replied, “my life has

been an exceedingly quiet and tranquil one ; but if you are curious about that period of history, I have got a manuscript which fell into my hands accidentally, giving some interesting particulars of a young man's life in those days. There is a good deal of nonsensical sentimentality in it, but it may amuse you, and if you like to take the trouble to read it, I will lend it to you."

I accepted his offer right willingly, but the conversation turned soon to other things, and he and I both forgot the manuscript that night.

On the following day, at breakfast, he announced to me that he was going to start by the Diligence at noon, for Nantes, Bordeaux, and Madrid. I laughingly asked what would become of my reading the manuscript then.

"Oh, you shall have it ! You shall have it," he answered. "We shall meet again I dare say, and then you can give it back to me."

Before he went, he brought it down—a large

roll of somewhat yellow paper. Conceiving it might be valuable, and without the slightest idea of prying into his affairs, I asked where I could send it to him, if we did not meet soon.

He replied, with a very peculiar smile "It does not matter. It does not matter. If I do not see you before thirteen years are over, I shall then be seventy years of age or dead, and you may do with it what you please."

More than twenty years have now passed, and we have not met, and I give the manuscript to the world with very little alteration, trusting that if the writer of the autobiography which follows should ever see these pages, he will claim his own and forgive their publication. I will only add, that when I received the manuscript, I certainly thought that my good friend of the inn was the writer of it himself. In reading it over, however, and especially in correcting it for the press, I perceived that could not be, as the age of the parties must have differed by fifteen or sixteen years.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST FISH.

MOST men have a faint and distant notion from whom to look for parentage—that inestimable boon for which the most miserable often feel the most grateful—inestimable, not only because it confers upon us, if we will, an immortal hereafter of unrevealed joy and glory, but because nobody ever has, ever will, or probably ever can, estimate it rightly. Parents consider their children as under an undischargeable debt of gratitude to them for bringing them into the world at all, without sometimes fully considering a parent's duties as well as

his rights. Children are too apt to make light of the obligation, as well as many another obligation which succeeded it—the care of infancy, the guidance of youth, the love, unextinguishable in all but very cold and stony hearts, which attends our offspring from their birth to our death-bed. It may be argued that all these acts and feelings, on the part of parents, are but in obedience to a law of nature : that the man or woman, like the eagle or the dove, is impelled to nurture, protect, defend his offspring. But if so, the law of love and obedience of the offspring to the parent, is equally binding ; and he who neglects the one, is equally a rebel to nature, and to God, as he who neglects the other.

Most men, I repeat, have a faint and distant notion from whom to look for parentage. This is not without exception. Good, as a general rule, the exceptions are quite sufficient to prove it. I myself am one. That I had a father, I take for granted : that I had a mother is per-

fectly certain. But as to who my father and my mother were, was for many years a question much more doubtful.

However, I will tell you all about it, and you shall judge for yourself.

My first recollections of the world are surrounded by somewhat strange scenery. Figure to yourself, reader, a town situated on the top of a high hill, like an eagle's eyrie, but far more solid and substantial. The streets are paved with large round stones, and a gutter in the centre, tracking out like rays at every cross-road: the houses, stone-built, and somewhat ponderous, are tall and short, wide and narrow, as in most other towns, but there are some very fine churches in a somewhat severe style in the place, and it seems to possess two peculiar characteristics. Whether, because so far elevated that nothing could obstruct the drainage on every side, or because at that high point it caught the clouds as they whirled by, and attracted the wrath of every storm by its

menacing front, it was the cleanest town in the universe. In vain did cooks and old women throw out cock's-heads divested of their combs, and the gizzards of ducks and fowls—in vain on the Saturday night was every gutter in the place made the receptacle of all the dust of all the houses—in vain were a number of other untidy tricks practised to defile the highways, and offend the olfactories of the passing stranger—before the Monday morning all was clear again—except in very rainy seasons, when I have known a dust-heap lie for a fortnight. This was one of its peculiar characteristics: cleanliness.

I cannot help thinking there is something very merry in dirt. The very merriest people I have ever seen in my life have been the dirtiest; but perhaps, after all, the impression to this effect which I have received, may be attributed to my residence in that old town, where the exceeding cleanliness I have mentioned, was closely associated with that of dul-

ness. The very cheerful summer sun, as he looked down into the open streets, held up as upon a pedestal to his view, looked dull and even sad. The clear light of the summer day had a cool, calm, gentlemanly melancholy about it, which did not serve to rouse or to enliven. One looked up the street and saw a man, a single, solitary man, so lost in the yellow sunshine at the end, that you could not tell whether he had pike, pitch-fork, or crosier in his hand—three-cornered hat, or round, or cap of liberty on his head. One looked down the street toward the valley below, and could hardly make out whether the lonely carriage drawn by four beasts of some kind, had really four horses, or four mules, or four rats without a tail—amongst them. Not another being did you see. No heads were put out of windows—no idle figures presented themselves before the door-ways. Curiosity seemed dead in the place, as well as every thing else; and although the sound of a carriage wheels—especially coming

from below, where there was a post-house—was very rare, it seemed not to awaken any interest in the inhabitants whatsoever, at least not more than was displayed in just raising the eyes from the calves' feet, or the sheep's trotters which were preparing for dinner, to look for one instant at the vehicle as it passed. If an earthquake had rumbled up and down the street, it could not have produced less excitement—and probably would not have produced more. The carriage went in peace and sunshine upon its way, and the cook or the good house-wife bent her attention to her dishes again.

But let me say a little more of the town before I proceed farther; for it is an object of great interest to me, even in memory. From the hill on which it stood, and the old walls which surrounded it on every side, rising up from the verge of the descent, and looking like the battlements of a raised pie, might be seen a very rich and beautiful country, with a river

running round the base of the large rock on which one stood. The situation was a very commanding one; for though rising ground, deserving the name of high hills, was to be seen in the distance, and many a sweep and undulation lay between, yet the elevation of the town was sufficient to domineer over the whole country around within any thing like cannon-shot. The walls, however, were destitute of guns; and the various gates, with their old stone arches, seemed formed for no other purpose than to let the morning and evening sun shine through, and the country-people to bring in eatables and drinkables for the supply of the place. They afforded, too, a place of refuge for certain old gentlemen who engaged themselves in examining all itinerant merchants, making good women open their baskets, and running long iron things like spits, into loads of hay and straw, in order to make sure that there was no wine or brandy concealed within. For all these services they exacted a trifling

toll, or excise duty, upon a great number of articles of provision brought into the town. They were very unobtrusive people, however, seldom if ever seen, except in the early part of market-days, and ever ready to retreat into their little dens by the side of the gate, as soon as their functions were performed. The great church stood at one side of a little square, free and open enough—always very clean, like the rest of the town, but always looking exceedingly cool also—for the very summer sun looked cool there, as I have observed, and one hardly felt the difference between June and December, if the day was clear. I don't know why all that square never looked gay or cheerful—for it seemed to have every thing to make it so; and I have seen it, on days of festivity, tricked out in all that could assist. On the Sunday a great multitude of the good people of the town, dressed out in their brightest attire, were continually flocking in and out of the church. On festival days you

would see garlands of flowers, and banners, and rich vestments, and beautifully dressed altars under arbors of green leaves, and a little body of soldiers, with gay uniforms, glittering muskets, and cocked hats, would appear to keep the ground as a procession passed. But still it never looked cheerful. All these objects were seen in that clear, cool light in such a way as to make them look frosty.

Perhaps one cause of the general sombreness of the town, and the impression of uninhabitedness which it gave, might have been that there were no shops in the place. This may seem an extraordinary fact—but so it was. There were no real, proper, *bona fide* shops, with good, wide, open fronts showing their wares. As one walked along the principal street, indeed, which led through a large heavy, white stone arch, down the easiest slope of the hill into the open country, here and there, in the window of what seemed a private dwelling-place, and which could only be reached

by ascending a flight of steps from the street, one might see a ham hanging up, or a string of sausages, or some other edible thing. Again, farther on, you would see a small brass basin nailed to a door-post, and again, in another window, a lady's cap, or a string or two of ribbons. When in want of any article, you climbed the steps, you had to open a door, and then another door, before you arrived at the person whom you expected to furnish them. When you got in you would find a tolerable store of different kinds of articles, gathered together in a neat little room, somewhat dull and shady, and not the least like a shop in the world. It would have puzzled any one in such a cell to judge accurately of the color or quality of what he was purchasing; but I must do the good people the justice to say that they did not at all take advantage of this obscurity to cheat their friends and customers, but that all they sold was generally good and what it pretended to be—more, indeed, than

can be said of most goods and chattels at the present time. The irregularity of the streets, too, might have had some part in creating the sombreness—for they turned and wound in an inconceivable manner, and the houses, built according to the taste and will of the owner, without any regard to regularity—some sticking out six or seven yards beyond its neighbour—some turning at one angle and some at another—some towering up, and others crouching down—had an exceedingly awkward habit of casting long, blue shadows, which ever way the sun shone, in hard, straight lines, unbroken by even a cloud of dust.

I have never seen any other town like it but one, and that is the town of Angouleme. Perhaps it was Angouleme—though I cannot be quite sure; for it is long, long ago since I was there, and events and circumstances of a very mingled character have drawn line after line across the tablet of memory, till even the

deep strokes graven upon it in early years are only faintly traceable here and there.

In looking back as far as my mind will carry me into the past, there comes first a cloud—a pleasant, summer-like cloud, not altogether shapeless, yet very faint and soft in the outlines, and varying strangely as I look at it. Now it takes the form of a beautiful lady, with two or three lovely children playing around her. I am among them; but whether I am one of them or not I cannot tell. Then it changes to a tall, somewhat youthful-looking man, with a sword at his side, and a great broad belt over his right shoulder. Heavy buckskin gloves he must have worn; for I remember quite well the hard touch of them between my little fingers. I see his jack-boots, too, even now. They are the very plainest part of the cloud. But the masses roll over—and what is seen next? A French chateau, with as many little towers as a cruet-stand, some square, some

round, some with conical roofs, some with long gables, and at the end there is a small building, which in the nonsensical slang of London house-agents, would be called semi-detached. It has a little spire, like that of a church, and a bell in it. Probably it was the chapel of the chateau ; and there is a fountain playing before the house in the morning sun, surrounded by gay beds of flowers, formed into strange shapes, as if cut out by those ingenious instruments with which cooks produce variety in the patterns of fancy pie-crust. But it is all a cloud, never fixed, and never very clearly defined.

The first distinct and definite recollection that I have, is that of finding myself in the town I have mentioned, and in the house of one of the clergy of the place—an excellent good man, if one ever lived. But that is a general recollection, and the most clear as well as the earliest of my more particular recollections is that of having sat by the side of a large pond, or little lake, formed by the stream which

flowed round the hill, and with a good stout rod of very plain construction, and a tremendously thick line and large hook, throwing in some kind of bait, I forget what, in the desperate hope of catching a gigantic pike, which was reported to frequent that water. My line lay in the tank for a long while without the slightest movement of the little cork float attached to it. I got somewhat weary, and began to think fishing poor sport. I laid my rod down upon the bank, gathered a heap of stones, and began throwing them as far as I could toward the centre of the piece of water. This was not pure idleness; for I had some indefinite notion, I believe, of driving the fish nearer to the shore. The day had hitherto been fine. A bright, soft, sleepy light, had lain upon the bosom of the water. But it was now about four o'clock, and the day began to change. First then came a shadow, then a breeze tossing up little waves, then thick, dashing drops of rain. I ran some twenty steps

back under a little ledge of the rock, which afforded some shelter ; for it would seem I had been possessed with a notion in my early youth, that I ought not to get wet ; and there, from my little den, I looked out at the storm as it swept over the lake. It struck me then as very beautiful, and I dare say would have struck me more now ; for through the thick drops, I could see here and there the blue sky shining like a loving eye watching the earth, and to the westward came a gleam of gold, telling that the storm would not last long.

What induced me to look down for my rod and line, I do not know ; but when at the end of a quarter of an hour I did so, the float had totally disappeared, and the rod itself, though heavy enough to my notions, seemed suddenly endowed with the power of locomotion, and was walking away into the water. One dart forward, and I caught it, just as it was pitching over, but it had been nearly tugged out of my

hand again ere I had got it fast. With triumph and with joy I found that there must be a fish at the end of the line, and a large one. I had caught gudgeons enough in my day, but I had no notion how to manage a large fish now I had hooked him. The only art I had was to pull away, and perhaps it was quite as lucky as not ; for had the united strength of myself and the fish been superior to that of the line, the latter must have given way. But as it was, the fish was somewhat exhausted by his first tugs at the rod, and he suffered me very quietly to draw him in within a few yards of the shore. Luckily the line, though twisted round the top of the rod, was carried down to my hand, though without any reel ; but there were some twenty or thirty yards of line wound upon a piece of stick beyond my hands. Luckily I say, for just as I was pulling my captive on, and could catch a sight of his glorious bulk, he seemed to me to put his tail in his mouth, and then with a great spring darted rapidly away.

The top of the rod broke through in a moment, and the line ran through my hands like a knife. I caught it on the winder, however, and checked my enemy in his course. He gave a sulky tug or two, but then suffered me to pull him in again, and a desperate struggle we had of it, when he found himself once more coming near the bank. When I found I could not manage him, I gave him line off my hands; and then refreshed, though with a heart I am ashamed to say beating how fast, I hauled away, and joyfully found his resistance diminishing. It was the labor of nearly an hour, however, before I got him close up to the bank, and then twice he got away from me, once, nearly bringing me into the water by the sudden dart he gave as I kneeled down to lift him on shore. At length, however, I landed him safely, and judge of my joy when I beheld a trout weighing five pounds at least, and magnified by my imagination to ten or fifteen.

He had got the hook quite down into his throat, which probably was the secret of my success ; for had it been in his mouth, he and I must have pulled his jaw off between us. I did not stop even to make an attempt to take it out, but, gathering up the fragments of my rod, while he lay panting and flapping on the grass, I lifted him up by the hook, and carried him up triumphantly towards the town. I would not go in through the ordinary gates, however. I believe it was that a fear seized me lest I should be charged a duty on my fish ; but as the house where I lived was close to the walls, and had a little garden in one of the old towers, through which there was a door and a stone stair-case, I hurried thither, found my way in by the back-door, and venturing to do what I had never done before, hurried, uncalled, into the room of good Father Bonneville, at an hour when I knew he was always at study. Happily it was Thursday ; I knew there was no fish in the house, and that our

dinner, on the following day, was destined to be pumpkin-soup and a salad. This might well excuse my presumption, and it did.

Never in my life did I see a man more delighted than good Father Bonneville, though he hurried away a book which he had been reading when I came in—I believe it was the Old Testament—as if there had been something very shameful in it. He admired the trout immensely, looked at it on one side and then on the other, declared it the finest trout he had ever seen, and patting me on the head, asked me if I had really caught that all by myself.

I assured him that I had had no help whatever, and then added, slyly,

“You know it is Friday to-morrow, Father.”

“Ah, my son, my son,” he replied, with a rueful shake of the head but a smile upon his lips, “we must not think too much of improving our fare, especially on meagre days ;

but the fish is a very fine one notwithstanding, and we will have it for dinner to-morrow."

I have dwelt long upon this little incident ; for it was a very important one in my eyes at the time, and was not altogether without its influence upon my life. But I shall only pause to state here that Father Bonneville made more of me from that time forth than he had ever done before. Previously he had contented himself by giving me my lessons daily, by speaking a few kindly words to me at meal times, and turning me over for the rest of the day to his good old housekeeper. Now, however, I seemed to be fit for something better. Father Bonneville was very fond of fish, as most priests are, and every Tuesday and Thursday evening I was down at the banks of the lake or of the river ; and as I had great perseverance, and rapidly became skilful, Father Bonneville very rarely went without

fish of some kind for his dinner on Wednesdays and Fridays, so that fasting became somewhat of a farce—except in Lent indeed—except in Lent, when he made tremendous work with us.

CHAPTER II.

A PRIEST'S HOUSEHOLD.

I MUST give my pictures of the early part of my life, detached and phantasmagoria-like as they appear to the eye of memory. But yet I will supply as far as possible any links of connection which are afforded by that power which is to memory what the second rainbow, which we sometimes see, is to the first—the reflection of a reflection—I am not quite sure that that is philosophical—but it is a figure, and it is pretty—so let it stand, it will do for Boston—the power I speak of is commonly termed

reminiscence—a shadow of remembrance which overtops the mountain, and is seen indistinctly after the prototype has sunk behind the steep—God bless me, I am getting into Boston again. Well, upon my life I will be sober, notwithstanding the sixteen gallon act.

The catching a fish was my first great exploit in life, and I could evidently see that Father Bonneville paused and pondered over it, as was his character; for he was a very considerate and thoughtful man, by no means without powers of observation, and a great habit of reasoning *a priori*, which sometimes misled him a little. He made me tell him the whole story of the catching of the fish, and of how I had managed it. You may judge I dilated not a little, partly from the interest of the subject to myself, and partly from the difficulty which every child, and every novelist in three volumes, finds in clothing his thoughts in brief language. I found afterwards that he had deduced his own conclusions from pre-

mises which I had afforded ; and I am happy to say they were all favorable to me. He had deduced, I learnt, from my catching the rod before it fell into the water, that I possessed considerable quickness and presence of mind. He had inferred from the fact of my having got the line through my hands before I attempted to strain the rod, that there was a great deal of cautiousness and foresight in my disposition ; and by the pains I had taken, and the labor I had undergone, without flinching, or growing rash or angry, he was led to believe that I was of a most persevering, undaunted, and resolute disposition. In a word, he learned to think me a being more deserving of care and cultivation than he had previously imagined ; that I was not a mere baby to be taught his A B C in any science, and that there was a soil, beneath the green freshness of my youth, which might be cultivated to great advantage.

But let us give a slight sketch of the good

Father, as he sat with his little tight-fitting black cap upon his head, looking like one half of a negro melon. The dress was insignificant—mean—out of the way, which is worse. The plain cassock and bands, the scapulary and the cross, and the grand three-cornered hat, had not surely much to recommend the individual member of the profession. There was no trickery of dress. There was no superfluous ornament. Even the assumption of manner was repressed, and, as far as I can recollect, he always seemed to remember sensitively, that a priest in the chair or the confessional derived whatever authority he possessed from a higher source, which conferred none upon him as an individual. The reverse of this feeling is the crying sin of the priesthood of all the creeds I know, and especially of his own. Most men would listen reverently to the expounders of God's will, when they are expounding His will, if they would not carry their *cathedra* into the drawing-room or the parlour with them. It is

very wise, indeed, to make a marked distinction between the minister and the man, and still more wise to make a marked distinction between the functions of the minister and the man ; for where the two are blended together—either through the stupidity of the people or the arrogance of the priest—it will be found nine times out of ten that the weaknesses of the man (not to notice vices or crimes) overwhelm the qualities of the teacher. Amongst a nation, indeed, who, as a nation, acknowledge no authority but themselves, either in matters civil, politic, or religious—where every man is at liberty to set up his own little God Almighty in his garden, and to worship him after what fashion he pleases—this distinction is not so necessary ; for each minister being chosen by the flock which he has to instruct, must know beforehand tolerably well what is the sort of pabula best suited to their palates, while the flock, on their part, having chosen their man, with their eyes very

wide open, must either stultify themselves, or cry him up as one of the bright lights of the age. If not, why did they choose him to light them? They become as much interested in his personal as in his public character—for it is very disagreeable for an elder of a congregation, unless he have some personal quarrel with his dear friend, the minister, to lay his hand upon his heart and say, “I have been grievously mistaken”—and many a small offence—nay, many a great one in the pastor is smoothed over and polished with the varnish-vanity of a loving congregation, who adore themselves in the minister they have selected, and even in the very church are worshipping themselves, in him, instead of the Deity. Of all sorts of idolatry in the world—and there are many—surely the worst in the eyes of a pure Being must be self-idolatry.

I have strayed from my subject; but a bold leap, and we are back again. See him there, sitting in his easy arm-chair, with the little

black cap upon his head, to cover the work of time rather than the ravages of the razor, with the soft, silky locks, now almost snow-white, floating from underneath it, and the dark garments, never laid aside except when at rest, enveloping the whole figure. Yet what an air of calm and tranquil dignity in the very disposition of that figure, and in the mild, benignant face. Where are the cares and sorrows of life? What have anxious thoughts, and the arduous duties, well performed, of a laborious profession done in this case? Where are the pangs, the sicknesses, the wasting force of disease, the corporeal pains, the uneasy weakness of senility? They are not there. He rests in his chair as easily as a child—ay, and as gracefully too. Oh, the balm, the blessed balm, such as Gilead never knew, of a pure, high, and holy heart, which, preserving and refreshing continually the spirit that dwells within it, with that aromatic odour of the tree of life, imparts a portion of the sovereign antidote even to the

frail form of clay, and guards it against the shock of time, or the wearying war of circumstances! Few of the impatient, the irritable, the passionate, the children of caprice, the slaves of vice, the hunters of excitement, ever see the age to which Father Bonneville had already attained, and those who do, reach it enfeebled, worn out, toil-broken, and shrivelled up by the struggles, and the wanderings, and the difficult passes, and the burning suns, which they themselves have sought and found upon the way. Father Bonneville's had been a quiet and a placid life—I know nothing of his history—I never heard it—but the part I speak of was written on his face. Father Bonneville's had been a quiet and a placid life—I am quite sure of it: otherwise he could have never lived to be the calm, happy, benignant old man he was at sixty-three. On his face you hardly saw his age, for it was as smooth as a boy's; but those white hairs, and the necessity of using spectacles now and then, betrayed the

fact that he was not quite so young as he once had been. His teeth—I recollect them as they were even then, quite well—were beautifully white and even, but the old man used to say, that though he hoped his tongue was true, his mouth was an artful hypocrite; for it put its best arguments forward, and kept all that were worthless and unserviceable behind; in other words, that the front teeth might be good enough, but that those hard-working slaves of the stomach, the grinders, were gone—and this was, probably, the cause of his love of fish. Heaven bless the finny fellows! they are seldom, any of them, tough, and the worst one has to fear is a bone or an indigestion; though it is rather hard, I think, to be pulled out of a fresh stream, and put upon a gridiron.

Father Bonneville was a very learned man, too, as well as a good one. He had read very much, for he had much leisure; had studied many languages and many things, and moreover, had reasoned upon what he had studied.

All this I found out afterwards ; for at the time I speak of though he made a point of instructing me himself every day, the store of erudition required for my mental food was but small. His lessons were given in a very different way from any other lessons that I ever received or ever heard of. He would sit down and open a book, and then begin to talk to me upon some apparently indifferent subject ; but somehow before five minutes had passed, he had always contrived to bring the conversation round to something which the book contained, or which it explained, or which it elucidated. Then we would read a sentence or two, and then pause, and comment, and converse, sometimes remarking the language, and the niceties of style and grammar, sometimes dwelling upon the thoughts expressed or the facts related. It is wonderful how this course impressed every thing upon my mind. All that I read seemed to be surrounded by a sort of artificial memory ;

for every word was connected with these conversations, and the one always served to bring the other to remembrance. It took a little longer time, it is true; I read one page of Cæsar where another boy might read two; but I both remembered and understood what I had read, and possibly the other might not; nor am I at all sure that I did not make as much progress in the end.

Where I got the first rudiments of education I do not know; for I cannot remember the period that I could not read or write, when I could not add up a sum with tolerable exactness, or draw helmets, and swords, and battle-axes, and very ugly faces, and men with enormous pig-tails, on the first leaf of a spelling-book. I have a faint idea that I was very ill when I first came to the house of Father Bonneville, and that illness may probably be the sort of gauze curtain which hangs between the eye of memory and the period

antecedent, not altogether hiding the figures beyond, but rendering them confused and indistinct.

Having said thus much of my kind friend and preceptor, I must take some notice of the other tenant—the only other tenant of the house. This was the good priest's housekeeper, who was probably some four or five years older than himself; but yet as busy, bustling, active a little body as ever was seen, doing every thing and trying to do more. What were the qualities for which Father Bonneville originally choose her to superintend his domestic affairs, I really do not know; but it certainly was not for her beauty—perhaps it might be for the reverse. Nature intended evidently, at first, to cast her in what I may call the pippin-headed mould; for her head was as round as a ball, furnished with two eyes like sloes, and not much larger; but by some freak of nature, the nose had been infinitely projected. It always seemed to me as if her parents, or nurses, had been in

the custom of lifting her up by it, as a sort of handle, and it certainly had not decreased in volume in latter life. She was a little woman too, hardly fitted to carry such a burden, but strong, well-formed, and neither lean nor fat. Her excellent health and spirits, she attributed to never having drank any cider, though she had lived in the cider provinces.

“No, no,” she said, “I always knew better than that; if cider is dear at three sous, wine is cheap at ten. It is not much of either that I drink, as heaven knows and Father Bonneville, but when it is not water, it shall be wine.”

I must point out to the reader more particularly her manner of connecting heaven and Father Bonneville together; for it was very characteristic of her mind, and she did it on all occasions. Indeed the two ideas seemed so intimately blended in her mind that they could never be separated. She was a good creature as ever lived, and looked up to all that was

good, and it is probable that as, in her humility, she put both heaven and Father Bonneville very, very far above herself indeed, the two objects got confounded in the distance.

She was a very good creature indeed, as I have said, and oh, how I used to tease her ! She bore it with wonderful patience and good humor, sometimes laughing with me, sometimes laughing at me, sometimes affecting to be very angry, but still mending my clothes, setting my little room to rights, giving me any good thing she could lay her hands upon, and showing me all the kindness and tenderness of a mother. I am afraid, however, that there was a more serious storm than usual brewing about the period I speak of ; for I not only continued to tease poor Jeanette with my boyish fun, but I had added a great deal to her labors and embarrassments by leaving fish-hooks, and bits of line, and broken rods—some of the fish-hooks covered with worms too, in her kitchen,

and her pantry, and the most sacred places of her own particular domain. But just at that time, came the catching of the trout I have mentioned, and that immediately cured all grievances. Not that I mean to say, that the good woman was moved by any peculiar passion for fish herself; for she would not have deprived Father Bonneville and me of a morsel of it for the world, but from that moment she became aware that there was some utility in fish-hooks—that they were made for some other purpose than running into her hands, or littering her table. I provided, in short, something which could gratify the good Father's taste, and that was quite sufficient apology for all offences in the eyes of his worthy housekeeper.

With these two, such as I have depicted them, I passed several years of my early life. I must have been about nine when I caught the trout, and if I ever had been a weak or sickly boy, I certainly was so no longer. I could not have been ten, I am sure, and I must

have been there at this time for some years—sufficient at least to let the memory of other scenes fade away. My time passed sweetly and pleasantly. I had plenty of wholesome food. I had exercise for the mind and exercise for the body. Quiet and still, the place certainly was. Amusements, for persons of my age, there were none in the town itself, except when there was some great Church fête, or when some Italian led through the town a bear or a monkey, or carried a marmot, or an instrument of music, and when once in the year the great fair took place, which brightened up the town for three whole days. Nevertheless, I was very contented. I loved Father Bonneville sincerely. I loved good Jeanette, too, sincerely; but with another sort of love—rather, I suspect, with that peculiar kind of affection with which a child regards a doll, the head of which has been knocked upon the floor till it has neither nose nor eyes. Assuredly I had not deprived the good housekeeper of those

serviceable features, but I had misused her tenderness, and teased her till I loved devotedly that which I teased. I loved them both, then, and well I might ; for two better people never existed.

The reader, perhaps, may ask, “are we to have nothing but good people in this book ?”

Let him wait a little. We shall find their foil presently, and pray do not let any one fall into the mistake of supposing that there is any thing inherently monotonous in goodness. Far from it. It has as infinite variety as evil. Its scope is as extensive, from the most sublime deed of devotion or self-sacrifice, to the smallest act of kindness. Nay, it is more vast than evil ; for I cannot but think that goodness embraces all things, while evil only touches a part. It is because the mind of man is too small to comprehend the magnitude of goodness that he fancies it limited, as a child gazing at the sky, thinks that there is a blue wall to space. It is because his mind is too dim and feeble, too

much accustomed to struggle with impurer things, that he cannot reach its heights or penetrate its depths, and conceive the infinite variety it affords. The salmon can leap up the cataract, or dart against the current of the turbid stream, but he cannot soar into the sky like the eagle, and at one glance take in a world below. The most sublime thing in the whole universe is goodness, and it is the sweetest too.

Happy, right happy do I believe myself to have been thus, in youth, associated with two such good and kindly beings. At that period of life, the plastic nature of the child receives, in a great degree, its future shape and form. The impressions are deep, and, once hardened, ineffaceable: the character receives its bent, the mind its tone and colouring, and although I may have done many things in life which I regret, and which they could not have approved, yet their goodness has been always in my memory as a light-house to show me the way

across the dark and struggling waters of life, and to welcome me home to port, however far I may have wandered astray.

I cannot conceive any greater blessing can be bestowed on youth than the companionship of the really good. I speak not of the stiff and rigid. I speak not of the harsh and the severe. I speak not even of the self-denying, the sober, and the circumspect. The example of anchorite or puritan, never effected much upon the heart of youth. But I speak of the really good, and they are not good if they are not gentle; for the reverse of gentleness is wrong. I speak of the good who learn from the fountain of all goodness to be happy, and to make happy; and who know that it is part of the commandment, to enjoy.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST ADVENTURE.

ONE of the most remarkable epochs of a man's life is when he first begins to think. Philosophers suppose—at least many have supposed—that what is called thinking, goes on from birth, or very nearly so ; but either this is a mistake or they and I are talking of different things. What I mean by thinking is not the process of putting two or three ideas together, which commences with a child as soon as it has two or three ideas to put, but an operation of the mind, in which all the mind's servants are

called upon to bear a part—where imagination comes to aid reason, and memory and observation bring the materials, and judgment measures the work. We all must have felt, in looking back upon our past life, that there has been a certain period at which flood-gates, as it were, have been opened suddenly, and a torrent of thought has flowed in upon us. The period itself will generally be somewhat indefinite to remembrance; for we none of us mark this new thing at the time that it occurs. We feel—we know—we enjoy; but we do not sit down to chronicle the moment when the new world of thought burst upon our sight. All any man can say, is, “About such and such a time, I began to think”—he generally adds, “deeply”—to contrast that period, with the period of *impression* gone before, which he confounds with *thought*. In fact it may be very difficult—for I do not wish to dogmatize—to say where thought exactly begins, and mere reception of idea, in either a simplex or a com-

plex form, ends. It may be that thought is as a mighty stream, beginning in a very minute rill ; but there certainly is one place where the river suddenly swells tremendously. I cannot say that I thought much, if at all, on any subject till I was more than ten years old. In conversing with Father Bonneville, who tried hard to teach me to think without appearing to do so, my answers were more pictures of my impressions than of my thoughts ; but about twelve years old, thought began to come upon me fast and strong. I can remember quite well many a time, on the Tuesday and Thursday evenings, in the spring time of the year, sitting by that little lake, or wandering by the banks of the river, and falling into deep and even sombre reveries, in the course of which I tried every thing that I had learned or knew, by faculties which seemed to have sprung up suddenly within me. The world seemed full of wonders that I had never seen before, and I began to take interest in things which

before had been to me flat and unprofitable enough. It was not alone the aspect of nature, the lake, the stream, the wood, the field, the rock, the mountain, the blue sky, the passing cloud, the rising and setting sun, the wandering moon, or the bright eyes of the twinkling stars, nor the flowers and shrubs, nor the birds of the bough and sky, nor the beasts of the field and plain, that gave me matter for thought, but man came in for his share, and man's doings—and I am afraid woman's, too. I would listen to the political talk of the day, which, God help me, I had cared naught about before, although there were events passing which influenced the fate of even children. I would hear of the strife of parties, and of the rise of new opinions, which shook the world to its foundation, and I would marvel and wonder at all I heard, and meditate over it in my solitary seat by the lake. If I could not understand, it mattered not; the subject was all the more a plea for reverie.

I could not help remarking likewise, that Father Bonneville was a good deal affected by the tidings which arrived from time to time. He became very thoughtful, too—nay, very sad. There was a look of anxiety—of apprehension—about him. His cheerful moments were few, and he would often shake his head slowly in melancholy guise, and sigh profoundly.

One little circumstance, which occurred at this time, gave me cause to think that the good Father, besides his general regret for various violent scenes which were occurring at the time, had some cause for personal dread. I have mentioned that he was well acquainted with several languages, and from the earliest period I can recollect he had read with me at least one page of English every day. It was our custom, too, to frequently talk in English. How I first learned the language I do not know, but it seemed to me then, as I am now well aware is the case, that I spoke it with

more ease and fluency than he did, though, perhaps, with not so much accuracy. At the period I am speaking of, however, he discontinued our English readings, and I could perceive that all the English books had been put away out of sight. Moreover, he gave me a hint that it might be better not to converse in English any more, for a little time at least; and though I sometimes forgot myself, I obeyed his injunctions tolerably well.

All this gave me matter for thought, and now the stream and the tank were not sufficient for me. I must walk far away into the woods: and I fancy that my long absence, even in my play hours, gave some uneasiness to the good priest. He was fond of taking me with him through the streets of the town, and thus detaining me from my solitary walks, when at length he began to doubt whether the town or the country was the best school for my leisure hours. I remember on one occasion, when he went to visit a man of the parish, who was

lying sick, though not mortally ill, he made me go with him, and after keeping me some ten minutes in the house, we took our way back again, passing across the market-square. A number of men with bare arms were busily engaged in the middle of the open space erecting a curious-looking instrument, consisting of a little platform, and some raised pieces of timber, the use of which I could not conceive. A little crowd of men, women, and boys were gathered together round—and I would fain have stood and gazed likewise. But Father Bonneville hurried silently on, with his eyes bent upon the ground. It was not till I plucked him by the *soutane*, and pointing to the spot, asked what that could mean, that he took any notice of what was going on. I could see his face turn a shade paler, and he gave a slight shudder as he replied, “mean, my son?—that is the guillotine.” Without another word he pursued his way, and I accompanied him. On the following day I heard from good Jeanette,

that a man was to be executed at noon ; and I confess I had the strongest inclination in the world to go and see. The desire arose from no cruelty of disposition—no taste for blood—but it arose in mere curiosity. Youth very seldom attaches any definite idea to death. It is an acquired dread that death inspires. Others tell us about its being terrible, till we become convinced it is so ; and the sight of the dying or the dead fixes the gloomy terror for ever in our minds. No one had ever talked to me about death at this time ; and in wishing to go to the execution, it was with no desire to see a man die, and still less suffer. I only looked upon him as a person about to exhibit himself in new and strange circumstances, and a rope-dancer or a conjurer would have answered my purpose quite as well—perhaps better. However, I was not destined that day to see one or the other. Long before noon, Father Bonnevillle ordered the windows to be shut up, as if there were a death in the house. He stayed

at home himself, and passed the time in prayer, in which Jeanette and I joined him; after which he read two penitential sermons as soon as he thought the execution was over, and then ordered the windows to be opened again, after a new rush of feet past the house had announced to us that the blood-loving populace were going down to the suburbs at the foot of the hill.

If good Father Bonneville had kept up the same practice, his house would have been shut up, before long, five days out of seven in the week, and his domestic prayers would have occupied at least one quarter of his whole time. Executions became numerous, agitation of the public mind, disquietude, tumult, violence, followed rapidly. No man felt himself safe: every one dreaded his neighbour; each hour had its peril; the meanest act of life became of consequence. There was no free-hearted easiness, no social cheerfulness; all the amenities of life were banished, till despair supplied a gaiety of

a chilly and a death-like sort, to cast an unwholesome blaze upon the darkening times like the lights that flit about the graves of the dead. The spirits and the energies of Father Bonnevillle fell completely for a time. He a good deal neglected my instruction during a couple of months—strove to give it, but could not fix his attention. At other times when I was not sitting with him, I was left to do much as I pleased, and my wanderings were now prolonged. Sometimes I would extend them five or six miles beyond the foot of the hill, especially towards the north and west, where a number of objects of great interest, as they seemed to me, lay concealed in the depths of a country, not fully populated and very little explored by the traveller. There was a curious old house there, completely in ruins—nothing in fact but the shell—with the doors gaping like dead men's jaws, and the windows mere eyeless sockets. The outside, however, had once been very beautiful, richly arabesque, and

ornamented with small pillars of a dark-grey marble, in a style which, I believe, belonged to the early part of the fifteenth century. The interior was crowded with small trees, rooted amongst fragments of decaying joists and roofing, while the windows were all trailed over with brambles and self-sown climbers. The jackdaws nested in the tall towers, and the owls slept till nightfall in the undisturbed chimney; but the social swallows built no habitations beneath those eaves.

Farther on, there was an older building still, mounted on its little rock, with a small but deep tank on one side, a river on the other, and a foss, once traversed by a drawbridge, running round the rest of the base, and joining the river at the pond. I once waded through the stream, for the drawbridge had long returned to dust, to see what was in the house above. I was ill repaid for my pains. All was vacant and in ruin. There was a large, tall, square building, two lesser towers and a

wall, but not a vestige of wood-work remaining. It must have been long completely dilapidated; for in the great court, with one of its gnarled roots knotted round a fragment of masonry, was an oak which must have taken more than two centuries to grow. The two buildings were strangely contrasted in style: the gay, airy lightness of the one: the stern, heavy simplicity of the other, were the records of two past ages; but they, the ages which brought them forth, the people which had built them, and the feelings who lent them their characteristics, had all passed away. The epitaph for the grave-yard of all terrestrial things should have been written on both their fronts—" *Fuimus.*"

It was one day in the autumn time, when the leaves were brown, and the light mellow, and the birds had ceased their song, but the grasshopper still prolonged his chirping, that I had wandered out in this direction an hour or two after noon. It is a very pleasant land

that Antoumois—for I am certain that it was there, although I had no proof of it—with its vineyards and its corn-fields, and its woods interspersed, and here and there wild, ill-shapen rocks starting up in one's way, and presenting strange, unusual forms and clefts and caverns innumerable. There had been a good deal of rioting in the town in the morning. In fact the regular municipal government might have been considered as almost at an end, and anarchy was advancing with rapid strides. I no longer wanted to see executions: the turbulence of the people did not amuse and did not frighten me, but it annoyed me. My ears were tired of shouts and screams, and I was sick of the Marseillaise to my very heart. I longed to see the old town in its clear, calm, sober light again, with the streets uncrowded by victims, and unpolluted by the disorderly rabble of the suburb. Gladly I escaped out into the country, and I believe good Father Bonneville was glad to see me go. I had

walked on past the first house I have mentioned, and was about mid-way between it and the second. I was wandering on along a little foot-path, not sufficiently frequented to prevent the velvet moss from growing quickly upon it, and had very nearly arrived at a spot where one of those bold, rugged and fissured rocks which I have mentioned, rose up in the midst of the wood, and forced the path to take a turn. Suddenly, when near the angle, a woman and a child turned the corner advancing with wild and rapid steps. The child, a beautiful little girl, of some seven years old, dressed in a costume of the higher classes, but with nothing but her own beautiful curly hair upon her head, was crying bitterly. The woman—evidently a lady of some rank and station—shed no tears; but there was a look of wild, anxious terror, almost amounting to frenzy, on her face. The moment she beheld me she started back, dragging the child with her, and uttering a low scream. But an in-

stant's thought made her pause again ; and she fixed her deep, inquiring eyes upon me when she saw that I was but a boy and alone. She was very beautiful, though very pale, and her face was in some way familiar to me. As I gazed at her with some surprise, and not untouched by the fear which she evidently felt herself, I saw that various parts of her dress were dyed and dabbled with blood. I had stopped when she stopped, and remained somewhat bewildered while she fixed upon me that earnest, penetrating look. Suddenly, some thought or remembrance seemed to strike her, and letting go the child's hand, she darted forth and grasped my arm.

"Are not you the boy whom I saw some months ago at Father Bonneville's?" she asked in a low and hurried voice.

"I live with him, madam," I replied ; "but what blood is that upon your dress?"

"My husband's," replied the lady, in a tone

so low, so icy, so full of deep despair that it seemed to freeze my very heart. "They have just murdered him before my very face, because he would not give them powder when he had none to give."

Then she put her hand to her head for a few moments, and the little girl, still weeping bitterly, crept up to her side, and took hold of her gown.

"Here," said the lady, disengaging the child's hand and putting it in mine, "take her to Father Bonneville—tell him what has happened—beseech him to keep her in safety for two or three months. I will come and claim her if I live so long. If not, let him send her to England and think me dead. You will take care of her—you will be kind to her—you will guide her safely?" and she fixed her large, dark eyes full upon me, seeming to look into my soul.

"She had taken little notice of the child,

who was now crying more bitterly than ever, and murmuring that she would not go. For my part, I promised all that she desired, but she hardly listened to me, exclaiming, almost immediately I began to speak—

“Stay ! she must have some means. Here, here,” and she took from her pocket two rolls of coin, wrapped up in paper, as was much the custom in France in those days. One of these she gave to me, enveloped and sealed as it was. The other, she broke as one would break a stick, and I perceived it contained louis-d’ors, by one of them falling out upon the ground. I stooped to pick it up, but she said in the same hurried tone.

“Never mind, never mind. Speed is worth all the gold in the world. Here, take this half and go.”

Then stooping down, she kissed the little girl a hundred times, pressed her to her heart, laid her hand upon her head and looked up to

heaven; and now the tears fell plentifully. From time to time, however, she whispered a few words in the child's ear, and they seemed to have a great effect. She wept still, and somewhat clung to her mother; but when, at length, the lady replaced the child's hand in mine, saying—

“Now go, go, and God Almighty be your God and Protector,” she made no further resistance; but with bent head, and eyes dropping fast, ran on beside me.

Suddenly I heard a voice cry, “Stop, stop!” and turning round, saw the lady running fast after us. She caught the child's hand and mine with a quick, eager grasp, and looked up on high, seeming to consider something deeply, and I could see the pulse beating in her beautiful neck with fearful force. At length, however, she dropped our hands with a deep, heavy sigh, and murmured—

“They will never hurt two children—surely,

they will not hurt two children. Go on—go on—”

She turned sadly away, and walking on, I was there in the forest leading the little girl by the hand, and with a walk of more than four miles before us.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST LOVE.

THE poor little girl by my side made no struggle to quit me, no effort to return to her mother, but ran along holding my hand, with perfect docility and confidence, weeping bitterly, it is true, and never uttering a word. It was a strange situation for a boy of twelve years of age, and I felt a certain sort of pride in it—in the trust which was reposed in me—in the right, and, as I fancied, the power of protecting. I would have fought for that little girl to the death, if any one had attempted to

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molest her ; and although I had never at that time heard of paladins and knights-errant, I was quite as valiant in my own opinion as any one of them ever was. I was not very hard-hearted at that time—youth seldom is—and I felt greatly moved by the poor child's grief.

After we had gone about a mile, at a very quick pace, I began to slacken my speed, and to try and comfort my little companion. At first she appeared inconsolable, but by trying hard, I at length made some impression—won her mind away from the terrors and sorrows of her situation, and got her to speak a word or two in reply to my question. She told me that her name was Mariette, and that she had walked some way that day—that her mother had rushed into the room where she was playing, all covered with blood, as I had seen her just before—had caught her up in her arms, and rushed out of a *château* where they lived, by a back way, plunging at once into the wood. They had then walked a long distance, she

said, her mother sometimes carrying her, sometimes letting her run by her side ; and I could perceive that, delicately nurtured and unaccustomed to hard exercise, the poor little thing was already considerably tired. I was a strong, big boy, and so without more ado, I took her up in my arms and carried her. After some way, I put her down again, and she walked on refreshed, and then I carried her again, and then we sat down upon a bank and rested ; and I got her water from the stream in the hollow of my hand, and tried to amuse her by telling her stories. But I never was a good storyteller in all my life, and I did not succeed very well. All this occupied time, however, and when we arrived within half a mile of the town, light was fading fast. This alarmed me ; not that I had any fear of darkness, but it was good Jeanette's custom, in the grey of the evening, to walk out through our little garden in the tower, down the stair-case, the door of which lay on the left-hand side, and

lock the door below. I did not like to go in by the great gates of the town, both because the distance was greater, and because I thought some questions might be asked about Mariette ; and I resolved, at all events, to attempt our private entrance before I yielded to necessity. I encouraged my little companion to hurry her steps, by pointing out the town rising before us, and telling her that if she made haste, she would in a few minutes be with Father Bonneville, and he would be so good and kind to her she could not think. I told her, also, of good Jeanette, and what a nice creature she was, and I succeeded in engaging her attention and leading her on much faster than before. We soon reached the foot of the hill, climbed the steep little path which led to the door at the foot of the tower, and with great joy and some surprise I found it open.

“Now come in, Mariette,” I said, “and don’t be afraid of the dark ; for this stair-case

leads to our garden, and the garden to the house."

She said she was not at all afraid of the dark ; that her papa often made her walk with him in the dark ; and she followed me quite readily, holding tight by my hand, however.

In the garden above we found good old Jeanette, with her snow-white cap, and her mittens. I found that she had become anxious at my long absence, and had abstained from locking the door lest I should determine to come in that way. Her surprise to see my little companion, and the state of grotesque agitation and bustle into which the sight threw her, I shall never forget. My explanations soon banished surprise by other emotions. I told all I knew of poor Mariette's story as simply as I could, and the good creature's heart was instantly touched ; the tears gathered in her eyes, and taking the poor little girl in her arms, she said—

"Come with me, my child—come with me.

Here we will make you a home where you will be as happy as the day is long."

"I can't be happy without papa and mamma," replied Mariette, bursting into tears again, and Jeanette, weeping for company, carried her off into the house, while I ran down the stairs to lock the door of the tower. When I entered the house again, I found that Father Bonneville was out visiting some sick people, and had been absent for several hours. Mariette wanted no kind of tendence, however, that was not given to her by good Jeanette. She put her pretty little feet in warm water; she gave her a cup of the thin chocolate which usually formed the good priest's supper, and she endeavored, with far greater skill than mine, to wile away her thoughts from all that was painful in memory, or her new situation. Mariette soon began to prattle to her, and leaning her head upon her shoulder, said she loved her very much; but then, after a few minutes, the bright young

eyes closed, the little head leaned heavier, and Jeanette, moving her gently, carried her away to my small room, and placed her gently in my bed "to sleep it out," as she said.

About half an hour after, good Father Bonnevillie returned, and his face showed evident traces of sorrow and perplexity. But still my story was to be told, and it seemed to perplex him still more.

"Do you know her name?" he asked.

"Mariette, Father," I replied.

"But what more, besides Mariette?" he asked.

And as I could give him no information, he made me describe, as accurately as I could, the appearance of the lady I had seen. I spoke of her bright and beautiful eyes, and I described her as very pale; but the good priest inquired whether she was tall.

"Oh yes," I replied; "a good deal taller than Jeanette."

The good priest smiled; for Jeanette was a

good deal below the height of the Medicean Venus, and she is no giantess.

“It must be Madame de Salins,” he murmured, after a moment’s consideration. “Holy father, have mercy upon us! Killed Monsieur de Salins, have they, before his poor wife’s eyes? A better young man did not exist, nor one who has done more good, both by his acts and his example.”

“Wouldn’t you know Mariette, if you saw her, Father?” I asked.

And Jeanette coming in from the room where the child was at the moment, led the good Father away to see her. When he came back, he said no more for some time, but sat thinking, with his head bent forward, and his eyes half closed. Then he called Jeanette, and somewhat to my surprise, gave very strict orders for concealing the fact of the little girl’s residence in our house. My little room was to be assigned to her; a large, wide, rather cheerful, long uninhabited room, up stairs, was

to receive a table, and a few chairs from somewhere else, and to be made a sort of play-room for her, and I and Jeanette were to do the very best we could to make the little prisoner happy, while her existence was to be kept secret from every one but our three selves. At the same time he laid the strongest injunctions upon me to abstain from even hinting to any one the adventure I had met with in the wood, and never to call the child *Mariette de Salins*, but merely *Mariette*, or *Mariette Brun*.

And now began a new sort of existence for me. *Mariette* became, as it were, my property—at least I looked upon her almost as such. I had carried her in the forest. I had led her along by the hand. I had brought her there. She was my little foundling, and my feelings towards her were as strange as ever came into the breast of a boy of thirteen. There was something parental about them. I could almost have brought myself to believe that I was her father; and yet I looked upon her very much

in the light of a toy, as grown-up parents will sometimes do in regard to their children. I was with Mariette the greater part of every day, playing with her, amusing her, devising all sorts of games to entertain her. She soon became very fond of me, and quite familiar; would sit by the hour with her arms round my neck, and would tell me little anecdotes of her own home. A pleasant home it seemed to have been till the last fearful events occurred, full of harmony, and peace, and domestic joy. Continually she seemed to forget the present, in pictures of brighter hours gone by, but from time to time—especially at first—a torrent of painful memories would seem to burst upon her, and the end of the little tale would be drowned in tears.

Two months passed over in this manner, and little Mariette seemed quite reconciled to her situation. With the elasticity of childish hope, she had recovered all her spirits, and no two young, happy, innocent things were ever gayer

than we were. Her state of imprisonment, too, was somewhat relaxed ; for, in our own town at least, a lull had come upon the political storm, which, as every one knows, came up sobbing, as it were, in fits and starts, like a south-westerly gale, till the full hurricane blew and swept everything before it. After some hesitation, Father Bonneville permitted her to go out with me into the garden, and there to play amongst the shrubs, now, alas ! destitute of flowers, for an hour or two before she went to bed. In the town she was never seen, and with a sort of prescience, which was, perhaps, not extraordinary, the good Father explained to me that it would be wiser to use, as little as possible, the way out of the town by the garden and the tower. He treated me with a degree of confidence and reliance on my intelligence and discretion, which made me very proud. The agitated and terrible state of the country, he said, and the anarchical tendencies which were visible throughout society in France, had

induced a number of the most wealthy and influential people to seek a refuge in other lands. Those who had got possession of power, he continued, were naturally anxious to put a stop to this emigration, and a system of espionage, which was well-nigh intolerable, had been established to check it. The advantage we possessed of being able to go in and out of the town when we pleased, without passing the gates, might be lost to us by the imprudent use of it; and although two or three other citizens, whose houses abutted upon the towers of the old wall, had the same facilities, he knew them to be prudent and well-disposed men, who were not likely to call attention to themselves by any incautious act.

Although the door below was unlocked and locked every morning and evening, it may well be supposed that I adhered strictly to the good Father's directions, and always when I wanted to get out of the city took the way round by the gates. This was not very often, indeed, for I

had now an object of interest and entertainment at home, which I had never had before, and Mariette was all the world to me for the time. Good Father Bonneville in speaking of her to me used to call her with a quiet smile "*Tu fille*,"—thy daughter—and pleasant was it for me to hear him so name her. Certain it is, what between one thing and another—the little vanity I had in her—the selfish feeling of property, so strong in all children—the pleasant occupation which she gave to my thoughts, and her own winning and endearing ways, (for she was full of every sort of wild, engaging grace,) together with her real sweetness of disposition, which had something more beautiful and charming in it than I can describe—certain it is, I say—I learned before a month was over to love nothing on all the earth like her. Nay more, amongst all the passions and objects and pursuits of life I can recall nothing so strong, so fervent, so deep, as that pure, calm, boyish love for little Mariette de Salins. I could

dwell upon it, even now, for ever, and from my heart and soul I believed she returned that affection as warmly. Two months and a fortnight had passed by : heavier clouds than ever were beginning to gather on the political horizon : menaces of foreign invasion to put down the disorderly spirit which had manifested itself in the land, roused the indignation both of those whose passions refused correction, and those who loved the independence of their country. The very threat swept away one of the few safeguards of society which remained in France. There was a great body of the people who disliked the thought of anarchy ; but a short period of anarchy seemed to them preferable to the indefinite domination of foreign soldiers in the land, and multitudes of these better men were now driven to act with or submit to the anarchists.

I could see that Father Bonneville was very much alarmed, and in much agitation and distress of mind. I twice saw him count over

the money which I had brought him from Madame de Salins, and looking up in my face, he said, with a thoughtful air :

“ I suppose I ought to send her away—the time is past—but I know not really what to do—where could I put her in England?—who could I send with her?—how could I let her mother know where she is to be found? This is a small sum, too, to support her for any time in England. A hundred and forty-seven louis ! England is a dear country—a very dear country, as I know. Every thing is thrice the price that it is here.”

Youth always argues from its wishes. They form the goal to which, whatever turns the course may take, the race is always directed in the end. Father Bonneville's words were very painful to me, and I ventured to strive to persuade him that it would be better to wait a little : that Mariette was well where she was : that something might have occurred to delay Madame de Salins.

The good Father shook his head, with a sigh, and he then took a little drawer out of a cabinet, and counted some forty or fifty gold pieces that were within. I could see, however, that there were, at least, three little rolls of thin white paper diapered by the milling of the coin within, and I knew by their similarity and size with the one which I had myself received, that each must contain somewhere about a hundred louis. To me this was Peru; but Father Bonneville, who knew better, sighed over it, and put it back again.

One very stormy night the wind blew in sharp, fierce gusts against the front windows, and the rain pattered hard. The streets were almost deserted, and utterly unlighted, as they were in those times, they offered no pleasant promenade on such a night as that. Suddenly the bell rang, as I was sitting by Father Bonneville reading, when Mariette was sound asleep up stairs, and Jeanette was working away in her kitchen.

“Who can that be?” said Father Bonneville, turning a little pale. “Stay, Jeanette, stay for a moment;” and he put away one or two things that were lying about, and locked the door of the little cabinet.

Now it might seem a cruelty to keep any one waiting at the door even for a minute or two in the pitiless pelting of the shower; but I forgot to mention in describing the house, that it, and a neighbouring house, which bent away from the main into a side street, formed a very obtuse angle, and that between the two there was a little arched entrance overshadowing a flight of steps which led to the good Father’s door. Thus, any visitor was as much sheltered from the rain on the outside, as if he had been in the house itself.

Jeanette had, at length, permission to go to the door and to tell the truth, both Father Bonneville and I peeped out to see who was the applicant who made so late a call.

“I wish to see Father Bonneville,” said

a woman's voice, marvellously sweet and pleasant.

"Is your business very pressing, madam?" asked Jeanette, adding, "it is late, and just the good Father's time for going to bed."

"Life and death!" said the visitor. "I *must* see him, and see him alone."

"Well, madam, come in," was the reply, and at the same moment Father Bonneville said in a low tone, but it seemed to me with a happy air, "Leave me, Louis. Go to bed, my son."

I obeyed at once, and in moving across the passage to the kitchen for a light, I crossed the visitor, nearly touching her. All I could see, however, was that she was tall, dignified in carriage, dressed in deep black, and wrapped up in a large mantle with a veil over her head.

I felt sure that it was Mariette's mother, and hurrying away to my new room, which was over the little archway sheltering the

entrance, I shut the door and gave myself up to a fit of despair. I fancied that she had come, to take my little pet away, to separate her from me forever, to deprive me of my property, and I cannot describe in any degree what I felt. The anguish of that moment was as great almost as I ever experienced in life. All I did within the next ten minutes I cannot tell, but one thing I know I did, which was to sit down and cry like a great baby. I would have given worlds to have known what was passing; but I did not listen though I might have done so easily from the top of my little stairs. But good Father Bonneville had so early, so well, and so strongly impressed upon my mind the duty of avoiding any meanness, that eaves-dropping seemed to me in those days almost as great a crime as murder. Indeed it was in somewhat of that shape that the good Father placed it before my eyes. "What right," he said, "has one man to rob another of his secrets any more than of his money. They are

both his property, and if they are not given they are stolen.”

I was not very long kept in suspense, however, for by the time I had got my little coat off, and was still sitting on the edge of the bed crying, I heard the lady quit the good Father's little study, and his voice speaking as he escorted her towards the door. I knew that Mariette could not have been awakened, dressed, and carried off in a quarter of an hour, and I went to bed and slept with a heart relieved. It was only a respite, however. Four days after that good Father Bonneville took an opportunity when Mariette and I were at play of telling her that she was that night to go away with her mamma, and take a long journey. He advised her therefore not to tire herself, but to keep as quiet as possible till the evening came, even if she could not lie down and take a little rest during the day.

The poor child's agitation was extreme. The idea of seeing her mother evidently gave her

great delight, but the thought of going away from a house where she had been made so happy, and from a companion who loved her so much, seemed not exactly to qualify her joy, but to tear her between two emotions. Her face was, for an instant, all smiles and radiant with satisfaction. The next instant, however, she burst into tears, and snatching Father Bonneville's hand she kissed it once or twice. Then pointing to me, she said, "Cannot I take him with me?"

The good priest shook his head, and soon after left us to pass the time till the hour of separation came as best we might. I do not think he knew, and indeed it would be difficult to make any one comprehend, who has left the period of early youth far behind him, what were the feelings of Mariette and myself. I am very much inclined to believe from my own remembrances, that the pangs of childhood are much more severe than most grown persons will admit.

Day wore away ; night came. Little Mariette was dressed and prepared, and about nine o'clock the bell rang. In a moment after the poor child was in her mother's arms, and weeping with joy and agitation. Madame de Salins hardly sat down, however, and there was a look of hurry and anxiety as well as of grief in her face which told how much she had suffered, and how much she expected still to encounter.

"I am somewhat late," she said, speaking to Father Bonneville ; "for there were two men walking up and down before the house in which I have been concealed, and I dared hardly venture out. Let us lose no time, good Father. Who will show us the way ?"

"Louis, my son, get the lantern," said the good Father ; and turning to Madame de Salins he added, "He will show you the way."

These words first seemed to call the attention of the lady to myself, and advancing towards me she embraced me tenderly and with many thanks for the charge I had taken of her

little girl in a moment of danger and of horror. I felt gratified, but I do not know that I altogether forgave her for coming to carry off my little companion, and I was also struggling with all my might not to show myself so unmanly as to shed tears; so that I replied somewhat ungraciously I am afraid. I went away for the lantern, however, and by the direction of good Father Bonneville, lighted Madame de Salins and Mariette through the garden, and down the stair-case in the tower. I then proceeded to open the door for them, almost hoping that the key might be rusted in the lock so as to prevent their going. It turned easily enough, however, and when I opened the door I was startled at seeing the figure of a man standing at the top of the little path which led down to the foot of the hill. Madame de Salins, however, accosted him at once by his name, and he told her that Peter and Jerome were waiting down below. The parting moment was now evidently come, and it seemed as bitter to poor

little Mariette as myself. She threw her arms around me. She held me tight. She kissed me again and again, and her tears wetted my cheek. At length, however, she was drawn away from me, and her mother holding her hand led her down the hill while the man followed. I looked after them for a moment or two, till they were nearly lost in the darkness. Then locked the door, and turned sadly towards the house.

CHAPTER V.

THE FLIGHT.

OH, how dull and tedious was the passing of the next month to me. There was a vacancy in all my thoughts which I cannot describe, a want of object and of interest, which nothing seemed to supply. But the dulness of the calm was soon to be succeeded by the agitation of the storm. The populace, particularly of the suburb, was becoming more fierce and unruly every hour. If at any previous period there had been such a thing as tyranny in France—of which I knew, and had felt nothing

—it must have been the tyranny of one, far removed from the humble or even the middle stations of life, and much less terrible than the tyranny of many, which now came to the door of every house in the land. There was a butcher living in the lower part of the town, the terror of his neighbours, and an object of abhorrence to all good men. Fierce, licentious, and unprincipled, his courage—the only good quality he possessed—was the courage of a tiger. On more than one occasion in former years good Father Bonneville had had to reprove him, and it would seem he had not forgotten it.

One day, about a month after Mariette had left us, I had walked out into the town during Father Bonneville's absence from home, and was crossing the square in front of the great church. On one side of the square was the best inn in the place, and upon the steps of that inn were standing several officers of a dragoon regiment which had lately been

quartered in the town. In the midst of the square, I saw a great crowd of people moving to and fro, and apparently busy and agitated. There were muskets amongst the crowd; for in those days the more ragged and poverty-stricken a man was, the more certain was he of having some weapon of defence in his hand; and amongst the rest, with a red night-cap on his head, and his shirt sleeves tucked up to the elbow, I could perceive the great stalwart figure I have mentioned. I saw also, however, other garments than those of the mere populace. There was the black gown of a priest in the middle of the crowd, and as I approached with a faint and fearful heart, I not only saw that the mob were dragging along a priest by the arms, but also that he was good Father Bonneville. I heard shouts too of "Up with him! Hang him up, hang him up! To the spout with him, to the spout!"

The officers I have mentioned were standing quietly looking on, laughing and talking with

two or three of the more respectable citizens. But at the first impulse I ran towards them, caught the hand of one of the young soldiers, who seemed to bear a high rank amongst the others, and whose face was a kindly one, and with eager and terrified tones exclaimed—

“Oh, save him, sir, save him. They are going to kill the best man in all the town.”

“Who are they going to hang, boy?” asked one of the citizens in a tone of assumed indifference; for few persons ventured in those days to show any sympathy with the victims of popular fury.

“Father Bonneville,” I answered, “oh it is Father Bonneville—Save him, save him—pray make haste!”

“He is, indeed, one of the best men in the world,” said the gentleman, with a look of deep distress.

The young officer, however, without more ado, ran down the steps and plunged into the crowd. One or two of his companions fol-

lowed, I saw a sudden pause in the mob, and heard a great outcry of voices ; some apparently in persuasion, others in mere brute clamour. A moment after, however, while the parties seemed still disputing, a squadron of dragoons came into the square, and their appearance, though they took no part in what was going on, seemed to have a great effect upon the mob. A number of the ragged ruffians dropped off every moment, some walking away down the street, singing ribald songs, some coming up to the soldiers, and speaking a word or two to them as if to show that they were not afraid, but walking away in the end. At length, however, I had the satisfaction to see the young officer emerge from the little crowd that remained, holding Father Bonneville by the arm, while another of the dragoon officers walked on the good priest's other side. The only one who followed them was the butcher, and he continued pursuing them with execration and abuse till they reached the steps of the inn, in

which they lodged the good Father for the time. The young officer made no reply to all the ribald language with which he was assailed, except on the inn steps, where he turned, and said in a calm tone—

“It may be all very true, but proceed according to law. If he has refused to take the oath required, he can and will be punished for it, but you are not to be the judge, and shall not break the law while I am in command of this town.”

Thus saying, without waiting for any answer, he walked into the inn, and I ran after Father Bonneville. The good old man was somewhat out of breath with the rough handling he had received, but I could not perceive any traces of fear or great agitation either in his face or manner. As soon as the young officer and I entered the back-room in which he had taken refuge, he held out his hand kindly to me, but addressed his first words to the other.

“I have to thank you much, my son,” he

said. "I do believe if you had been two minutes later those poor misguided people would have hanged me."

"I do believe they would," replied the officer, with a smile; "but you have to thank this good lad for my coming as soon as I did. I did not perceive what they were about till he told me."

"Thank you, Louis, thank you," said Father Bonneville. "I have had a narrow escape, my son. Although, God knows, I have never done these people any harm, and have tried to do them good, yet they seemed resolved to have my blood. Do you think it will be safe for me to go now, sir? I have some sick people to attend upon."

The young officer besought him however to stay till the town was more completely quieted, and advised him even then to betake himself to his own house, and remain concealed and quiet for a day or two.

I knew quite well that Father Bonneville

would not follow this counsel implicitly, and he did not. He got safely home two or three hours after, and remained within till night-fall ; but then he went out to visit the sick persons he had named, and on the following morning was pursuing his usual avocations as if nothing had happened. It was not long, however, before he became convinced that such conduct could only lead to martyrdom, without being of the slightest benefit to his flock. Death would have been nothing in his eyes, if by it he could purchase good to others, but that was not a period at which such sacrifices would be at all available.

One day while he was out, a Sister of Charity came to the house, and talked long and earnestly with good Jeanette in the kitchen. I was not present at their conference, but when the Sister went away again I saw that the old housekeeper was in a state of the utmost consternation and grief. The expression of these passions took a curious form with her. It

seemed as if she could not be still for one moment. She bustled about the kitchen, as if it were too small for her energies, took down and put up again every pot, kettle, saucepan, and spit, at least a dozen times, gazed into the frying-pan with an objectless look, and seemed only anxious to spend the superfluous activity of her body upon something, while her mind was equally busy with something else. When Father Bonneville returned, however, she had a long conference with him, and he seemed very thoughtful and anxious. At night the Sister of Charity again returned, and this time she bore a letter with her. I only know what took place between her and the good Father by the result; for as soon as she was gone, he called me into his study, where Jeanette had been all the time, and I at once saw that my good old friend and instructor had made up his mind to some great and important step.

“My dear Louis,” he said, with a calm but very grave face, “we have heard very evil

news. A persecution is raging against the ministers of religion, which must soon reach me if I remain here. They have already commenced in a town not very far distant, a practice of tying priests and nuns together, and drowning them in the river, adding, by the term they apply to these massacres, impiety to murder. This good creature and Sister Clara, who has just been here, both urge me strongly to fly. I should have hesitated to take such a step, but I find that it is necessary that you should be removed to another country as soon as possible. I have no one to send with you, and I trust I am not biassed from my duty by any mere fears for my own life when I determine to accompany you myself. I shall still be fulfilling at least one of the tasks which I have undertaken to perform, and I sincerely believe it is the one in which the remains of my life can be most serviceable."

He then went on to explain to me that he

had determined to pass the next day in the town, and to make his escape at night. Disguise, he added with a sigh, would be necessary. But good Jeanette undertook to procure what was fitting for the occasion, and good Father Bonneville retired to rest that night grave and sad, but, apparently, in no degree agitated. On the following day, a few minutes before noon, a great mob passed up the street, carrying a bloody human head upon a pole. They stopped opposite to the good priest's house, shouting for him to show himself, and with a quiet and undismayed air he walked to an upper window, and looked out. He was instantly assailed with a torrent of abuse, and I do not feel at all sure that the mob would not have sacked the house and put him to death, if it had not been so near the tiger's feeding-time. All the lower classes dined at twelve, and Father Bonneville retiring from the window as soon as he had shown himself,

the crowd marched on again down the street with their bloody ensign at their head.

Nothing that I remember worthy of notice occurred during the rest of the day, though Jeanette was in a good deal of bustle, and went in and out more than once. Several persons came to see Father Bonneville, and talked with him for some time ; but the day passed heavily with me, although I will acknowledge that I felt a good deal of that eager and pleasant expectation with which youth always looks forward to change.

At length night fell ; the outer door of the house was carefully locked ; Father Bonneville retired to his own sleeping-room ; I assisted Jeanette to bring down a pair of somewhat heavy saddle-bags, the one marked with black paint L. L., the other J. C. Shortly after I heard a step upon the stairs, and a gentleman entered the room, whom I did not at first recognise—and could hardly, for some time, persuade myself that it was Father Bonne-

ville. Sautane and bands, and small black cap, and cocked-hat were all gone, and he appeared in a straight-cut black coat, with a small sword by his side. His thin, white hair, powdered and tied behind, and a round hat, with a broad band and buckle, on his head. The effect of this change in costume was to make him look very much smaller than before. He had seemed a somewhat portly man in his robes, but now he looked exceedingly lank and spare, and even his height seemed diminished. He looked strange and ill at ease, but showed no indecision, now that his mind was made up.

“I thought of burning my papers,” he said, speaking to Jeanette, “but I don’t know, *ma bonne*, that they contain any thing unworthy of a good Christian or a good citizen. I shall therefore leave them as they are, to be examined by those who may take the trouble. You understand all, Jeanette, that I have said, and what you are to do, and where I am to hear from you.”

Jeanette comprehended every thing ; but the feelings of the good creature's heart were at this time surging up against her understanding with greater and greater force every minute. At length, when all was ready for our departure, she fell upon her knees at good Father Bonneville's feet, weeping and kissing his hand, and begging his blessing. The old man put his hand upon her head, and with an air of solemn affection, called down the blessing of God upon her. Then embracing her kindly, he said,

“ You have striven, I know, Jeanette, to be as good a servant to God as to a mere mortal master. He deserves more and better service than any of us can give, but He is contented with less than any of us require, if it be rendered with a whole heart. Farewell, my Jeanette—farewell for the present ! We shall meet again soon—I trust—I believe.”

The good Father took one of the saddle-bags, and I took the other ; Jeanette loading me,

moreover, with a large paper parcel of which she bade me take great care, hinting at the same time that it contained sustenance for the good Father and myself which might be very needful to us on our first night's journey. She followed us in tears through the garden in the tower, and down the stairs to the foot. There she hugged and kissed me heartily, but she had no power to speak, and by this time, all the pleasant fancies in regard to setting out to see new scenes, and to find new enjoyments, which I had entertained for a moment or two, had passed away, and nothing remained but sorrow and regret. We made our way, not without difficulty, down the little path to the valley ; for the night was as black as crime, and then walked on along the road by the stream, which, however, we were obliged to quit soon, in order to avoid a party of men who had a sort of guard-house where the two roads met. This was easily done, however. The river was not very full ; for the air was frosty, but dry, and neither

snow nor rain had fallen for two or three days. Some large stones served us as well as a bridge, and crossing the meadows on the other side, we reached the high road from the town towards Paris without going through the suburbs. About a quarter of a mile farther upon this road, we found an elderly man standing with two horses; and although I could hardly see his face, I recognized in him an uncle of good Jeanette, who was accustomed every fortnight to bring poultry to the house, and who, to say the truth, looked a good deal younger than his niece. Few words passed between him and us; the saddle-bags were arranged on the horses' backs nearly in silence. Father Bonneville mounted one, and the good farmer helped me to mount the other. I had never been upon a horse's back in my life before, and the animal upon which I was perched, though somewhat less than that which carried Father Bonneville, seemed to me a perfect elephant. I was awkward enough, and uncomfortable

enough, no doubt, at first, but I soon got accustomed to my position, and took rather a pleasure in the ride than not, till we had gone some eight or nine miles, when I began to feel the usual inconveniences to which young horsemen are subject.

A good deal of apprehension was entertained both by my reverend companion and myself, lest our flight should be discovered, and immediate pursuit take place. But we found afterwards that such fears were quite vain, the minds of the people of the town, especially of the anarchists, were turned by various events in a direction quite different from Father Bonneville. They had their mayor to guillotine, and two or three of the principal inhabitants to throw into prison, which occupied them satisfactorily for several days. Father Bonneville's absence was never noticed by any but his own immediate parishioners, who wisely forbore to talk about it till Jeanette, with a bold policy which did her credit, judging that our escape

had been safely effected, went up to the municipality, and begged to know what she was to do, as her master had gone away several days before, and had not returned.

In the meanwhile we rode on through that livelong night, neither directing our course straight towards Paris, nor to the sea-side. When morning dawned I was terribly tired and sleepy, and saw all sorts of unreal things in the twilight—the mere effect, I suppose, of exhaustion. Father Bonneville had talked to me from time to time, giving me directions for my general conduct and demeanor toward himself. I found that it was his intention to assume the name of Charlier, and that I was to pass for his nephew, still retaining the name of Lacy, deprived of its aristocratic prefix of *dé*. The name however, soon got corrupted by the people of the inns as we went along, and I passed as young citizen Lassi throughout the whole of the rest of our long journey.

At daylight, after the first night's march, we

halted on a piece of uncultivated ground at the side of a wood, and suffering our horses to crop the grass, of which they stood in some need, we seated ourselves on a dry bank under the trees, and made free with the food which good Jeannette had provided for us. After I had satisfied my keen appetite, and drunk some wine out of a flask, I fell into a sound sleep before I was at all aware what was coming upon me, nor did I wake till Father Bonnevillè shook me gently by the arm, at about one o'clock in the day.

We then resumed our journey, having to take the first very dangerous step after quitting the town, in entering the busy haunts of men, and exposing ourselves to the eyes and inquiries of strangers.

A tall church-tower was soon seen rising before us, at a considerable distance, and Father Bonnevillè took the opportunity of a peasant woman, passing us on the road, to ascertain the name of the town to which the

church belonged. This gave him the key to his topography, which he had lost during the night, and as the town was still full fifteen miles distant, he determined to stop at any village he found a few miles ere we reached it, in order to avoid the stricter examination which was likely to be enforced in a city. Upon calculating as nearly as our knowledge of the country enabled us to do, we found that we had made five-and-thirty miles during the night, and ten or twelve miles more would put what might be considered a sufficient distance for the time between ourselves and our enemies. We jogged on quietly then, encountering a good number of the peasantry who were returning from market or fair. For a part of the way we rode by the side of an old man who was journeying in the same direction with ourselves. He had a shrewd, thoughtful, but quiet eye, and a bland, easy smile, which perhaps might have made a man well versed in

the world doubt his perfect sincerity, notwithstanding his tall, broad forehead, and a certain dignity of air that did not bespeak low cunning. He addressed good Father Bonneville at once as "Monsieur L'abbé," but looked at him several times before he said more.

At first my old companion did not seem to notice the epithet he bestowed upon him, but after a few more words had passed, he inquired somewhat abruptly,

"What made you call me 'Abbé,' citizen?"

"Your dress," replied the countryman, "your manner, and your look. The aristocrat is proud, because he has always commanded, and thinks he has a right to command. The peasant is vain, because God has implanted in every French breast the notion that each man is equal to his neighbour, whether he be a fool or a wise man, a scholar or a dunce, a brave man or a paltroun, a good man or a knave. But the teacher of religion has a different look. He

has been accustomed to guide and to exhort, and he knows that it is not only his right but his duty so to do. There is, therefore, in him a look of confidence and authority, very different from the haughtiness of the one or the vanity of the other I have mentioned."

"You must have thought and studied more than might have been expected," said Father Bonneville, examining him closely.

"There is no reason why any man should not study, and still less why he should not think," replied the other. "I have done both, I acknowledge. There are more sins committed in France every day than that."

"And pray where do you live?" asked Father Bonneville.

"Come and see," replied the stranger. "Your horses seem tired, and I have still some nine miles to go, but we can ride slowly, and at this next turn we shall quit the high road, which will be a convenience."

Father Bonneville agreed to the proposal,

and we rode on by the side of our inviter in desultory conversation, pointed occasionally by references to passing political events, but generally referring to subjects altogether indifferent. I was dreadfully tired, I confess, before we got to the end of our long, slow journey. At length, after two hours' quiet ride the stranger said—

“We are coming to my home, where you will be very welcome, and it is as well for you to stay there to-night; for there is a grand fête of Liberty going on in most of the villages round, and that lady, like most other pagan deities, is very fond of human sacrifices. Now it does not much matter whether one is crushed under the wheels of Juggernaut, or burned by Druids in a basket of wicker-work, or made to pass through the fire like the children of those obedient and docile Israelites of old, or have one's head chopped off on a little platform in a public square, before the image of a monstrous woman, in a red night-cap, and with a spear

in her hand. It does not much matter, I say ; but all are disagreeable, and all are to be avoided by every reasonable means. You will therefore be better in my home there, than in any inn in the neighbourhood."

"Where?" asked Father Bonneville, gazing on before him, in expectation of seeing a farmer's house.

"There," replied the stranger, pointing to a magnificent *château* upon a rising ground near. "You marvel, I see, and I can guess your inquiry—how I have contrived to keep possession of my own, when the universal war-cry through all France is, 'War to the Castle, Peace to the Cottage.' I have not time for long explanation ; but sufficient may be told briefly. You see this coat of coarse grey cloth. It is the sign, the key, of my whole life. I too was bred an ecclesiastic. The death of three elder brothers put me in possession of that thing upon the hill. I have unfrocked myself, but I retain my early habits, and re-

spect my voluntary vows. I remain in two or three little chambers, while very often boors revel in the halls of my ancestors. But they have a shrewd notion that if I were gone they would not have the means of revelry to as great an extent as at present—that if my property was confiscated, it would fall into the hands of worse men than myself; and so long as I, the master of it, act but as the steward of it, they are well contented to leave me alone in my office without bringing my head to the guillotine, which would be of no use at all to any one, and without seizing upon my lands, it would be a great embarrassment to themselves. Moreover, I have once or twice threatened to resign all my possessions into the hands of the *Commune*, and the very lowest of the people have been those to beseech me the most earnestly to refrain, knowing very well that they get a better part of the spoil now than they otherwise would. Thus I have got a certain command over them, and I do what I like

without fear of any buzzing rumours, or public denunciations. The man who denounced me would very soon find his way to the lantern, and as it is unpleasant to occupy in darkness the place of a light, with a rope round one's neck, people abstain. There are a hundred people in yonder town who could hang me to-morrow; but my death would be sure to hang a hundred of themselves, and therefore I have the majority on my side. But come, let us go in through the gates."

We entered the château, leaving our horses in the care of a labouring man in the court, who seemed not a bit less respectful to the master of the house than the servant of any old noble in the ancient days. This was in itself an anomaly in those times; for the vain desire of equality had completely perverted men's judgments, and they sought not alone to sweep away the differences created by a long established social system, but even those fundamental differences produced by the will of God. I

believe in those days—amongst a great mass of the people at least—as much jealous hatred was felt towards superior intellect as towards superior wealth or superior station.

On passing the doors of the building we found some ten or twelve men seated in the eating-room drinking and talking. The master of the house passed through, nodded to them, called them citizens, and said—

“Make good cheer of it. There is more where that comes from.”

A cheerful, good-humored laugh was the reply, and he walked on up the stairs, leading us to a little suite of apartments which he reserved for himself, and where his privacy was respected even by the rude men who surrounded him. There he left us, and went out to procure some refreshment for us, part of which he brought in himself. The rest, with a considerable quantity of plate, which he seemed to think in perfect security, notwithstanding open doors and strange visitors, was

brought in by a servant of the old school, but not in livery. When the man was gone we ate and drank and refreshed ourselves, and a conversation, not only of interest but of importance, occurred between our entertainer and Father Bonneville. The former seemed to comprehend our situation, or at least as much of it as was necessary, without any explanation; and he gave a great deal of very good and minute advice as to our conduct while travelling through France. He advised the good Father, strongly, to put on a brown coat, saying that the reputation of an abbé was worse than that of a priest. He advised him also to give up the plan of travelling on horseback, and betake himself to a *chaise de poste*.

“I don’t ask where you are going, or what you intend to do, but by coming with post-horses, and lodging at the post-house, wherever they entertain there, you gain favor with one class of the community whose assistance is of great importance to travellers.”

Father Bonneville ventured to tell him that there were difficulties in the way of posting, as we were not furnished with those papers which were sometimes inquired for at post-houses.

“Oh, I will manage that very soon for you,” said our host. “The mayor shall furnish you with the necessary passports.”

“But he knows nothing of us,” replied Father Bonneville.

“He knows me,” replied the other, with a significant nod of his head, “he wont refuse me. It is rather a painful state of things when each man’s life is in another man’s power. There are plenty to misuse the advantage, and I have never seen why I should not employ it to better purposes. The mayor will probably be guillotined in six months. He calculates it will be longer, but I think he makes a mistake. However, he knows I could have him guillotined in six days, and is, therefore, very compliable.”

“And pray,” said Father Bonneville, with a somewhat rueful smile, “How long do you contemplate keeping your own head where it is?”

“It is hardly worth consideration,” replied the other; “for I say of my head as a friend of mine said of his house, which was likely to fall about his ears, ‘It will last my time.’ In truth it is of very little use to any but myself, or I dare say they would have taken it long ago. The same worthlessness may or may not protect it for a month, a year, or even till these evil times pass away; for you are not to suppose, my good friend, that this state will last for ever. It is a mere irruption of human vanity. We Frenchmen are the vainest people upon earth, the whole nation is vain, and every individual is vain. This vanity makes each man unwilling to see any other a bit higher, richer, or in any respect better off than himself; but there are certain fundamental laws

of order which man may overturn for a time, but which always resume their power. The wise rule in the end. Industry and talent raise themselves in spite of resistance ; forethought and care produce wealth, and if you were to take every acre of land throughout France, and every Louis d'or, and divide them equally amongst the whole people, so that there should not be the difference of a sous, before fifty years had passed you would find the differences all restored, some men rich, other men poor, some men ruling, other men obeying, some enjoying, others labouring. Nay more, my belief is, that within the same time, you would find rank, titles and distinctions restored also."

Father Bonneville shook his head.

"I am very sure of it," replied the other, in answer to the doubtful shake. "There are many countries in which a pure democracy might exist—perhaps in England—but cer-

tainly not in France. Our very blood is feudal and chivalrous. History, which is the memory of nations, is filled with nothing but feudal and chivalrous facts. We are too light, too vain, too volatile to do without distinction for any length of time, and we have not a sufficient spirit of organization in our character to do without a king in some shape or other. I think it must be an absolute shape; but take my word for it, France will never be forty years at any one time without counts, barons, and marquises, dukes, peers, stars and ribbons. You might as well attempt to make us Quakers as real republicans. A lion may perhaps be taught to dance like a monkey for an hour or two, but take my word for it, in the end he will eat his dancing-master; and you might as well attempt to change a lion's nature as a Frenchman's. However, you shall have the passports to-morrow, or I do not know the mayor. He is a very excellent person, but has

an over-strong regard for the integrity of his neck."

"I wish I possessed your secret of living so much at ease amidst such scenes, and exercising so much influence over such men," said Father Bonneville.

"Mystery, mystery!" said our host with a smile. "That is the whole secret. No one knows what I am going to do next. No one knows why I am going to do it. Whenever there is any great question agitated in regard to which I am forced to take a part, I give a full and complete explanation of my views, in terms which not a man who hears me can comprehend. I use the language of the times, the cant words and pet phrases of the multitude, and generally I go one little step before any of the movements I see coming; for where millions of people are running a race, as we are in France, the man who stops even to buckle his shoe is certain to be knocked down and

trampled to death. But now I will show you your sleeping place. You will find the beds good. May you never have worse."

Our host was as good as his word in all respects. Before we woke in the morning the passports had been procured, containing a very tolerable description of Father Bonneville under the name of Citoyen Jerome Charlier, and myself under that of Louis Lassi. Our horses were sold to no great disadvantage by the intervention of our entertainer, a little post-chaise bought from the postmaster himself, at about five Louis more than it was worth, and at about eleven o'clock in the day we set out on the direct road for Paris, in a manner which suited me much better, I confess, than that which we had previously pursued. I have little doubt that the good Father, too, who had not ridden for twenty years, was in the same predicament. I will only dwell upon our farther journey towards the capital so far as to state that it passed easily, and without inter-

ruption, which we attributed to the fact of having cut across the country, in such a direction as to be now travelling upon a line of high road totally different from that which led from Paris to the place of our previous residence.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAPITAL.

MY remembrance of the journey to Paris, and the conversations which took place upon the road, is more perfect than of any other of the events which happened at that time. But it is, perhaps, in some degree, a factitious memory ; for I have talked about it so frequently since, that I hardly know which are the facts supplied by my own mind, which those related to me by others. I recollect clearly and distinctly, however, our entrance into Paris on a dark and stormy night, our detention at the gates, and

the examination of the carriage by lantern-light. I shall not, I think, ever forget the impression produced upon my mind by the long tortuous streets of that great capital, with the dim lanterns swinging on chains stretched across from house to house, the enormously tall buildings on every side, and the multitude of people who thronged the streets even at that hour, and in that weather. I thought the journey through Paris would never have come to an end, but at length the *chaise de poste* drove into the court of a second-rate inn, in the Rue des Victoires, not far from the hospital of the Quinze vingts. Our arrival created no sensation. No active porters, no ready waiters were there to welcome or assist. The house rose dark and gloomy, on the four sides of the court yard, up to an amazing height in the sky, leaving us like Truth in the bottom of a well, and as good Father Bonneville knew not much more of the ways of Paris than I did myself, I do not know what would have become of us if

it had not been necessary to pay the postillion. It was too dark in the court to see the money, and as he did not choose to take it upon trust, he said he would go and fetch the concierge and his lantern. Accordingly he dug out of a den, at the side of the *porte-cochere*, a very curious, antiquated specimen of humanity, with a broad belt over his shoulder, very much like one of those in which the beadles of old French churches used to stick their useless swords. He held the lantern while the money was counted out, and then was kind enough, though somewhat slowly, to lead us up a very dark and narrow staircase to the first floor of the house, where the hotel in reality began. I never discovered what was done with the ground floor; for there were no shops in it, and it seemed to be left entirely to take care of itself. The mistress of the house—she had a husband, but, poor little thing, he never presumed to interfere in anything—was an enormously tall, and tolerably portly woman, ap-

parently of five or six and thirty years of age, very fresh, good-looking and good-humored. She was a Fleming by birth, and bore evident traces of her origin in her fair hair, blue eyes, and brilliant complexion. She was enchanted to see us; she assured us, would provide for our accommodation as no other people had ever been provided for before, ordered some supper for us immediately, and in the meanwhile, took us to see our rooms, which were a story higher. There was a great, large, gloomy chamber, tessellated with brick well waxed, a bed in an alcove, two small closets on each side of the alcove, and a fire place big enough to burn a forest. This was for Father Bonneville. My own room was about the size of the alcove and its two closets, and close by the side of the good Father's chamber. To my young eyes it looked more snug and comfortable than his. But we were each contented it would seem. The bags were brought up, the post-chaise put in the remise, and my little store of clothing

being placed in my room, I washed away the dust of travel, brushed the young, unfrosted hair which then curled so thickly over my head, and feeling somewhat solitary in the great world around me, found my way to the chamber of my good preceptor, who was sitting with his feet, one upon each andiron, contemplating with deep interest, as it seemed to me, the blazing logs as they fizzed and crackled on the hearth. Poor man, his thoughts, I fancy, were very far away, and he took no notice of me for a minute or two, while I meditated on the intense smell of roasting coffee and veal ragout which seemed to form the atmosphere of the house.

Father Bonneville had just wakened from his reverie, and was speaking a word or two as the commencement of a conversation, when a waiter came in to announce that our supper was ready, with as discreet and deferential an air as if we had been two aristocrats living under the ancient regime.

“Go down with him, Louis,” said Father Bonneville, “and I will join you directly.”

I followed the waiter down the stairs which I was now happy to find lighted by a single lamp, and entered the *salle a manger*. How can I describe the dinginess of that strange room? It was long and not very large, with a good-sized table down the middle, and a fireplace with a broad mantle-piece in one corner. Three windows, which were supposed to give it light in the day time, but which, as they looked into the narrow court, never caught one genuine, unadulterated ray of the sun, now looked as black as ink upon the wall, although, sooth to say, that wall itself was of a hue little less sombre. Who was the inventor of painting panelling in oil, I really do not know, but I cannot imagine that any hand but his own could have so decorated that wall, or that a brush of any kind could ever have touched it afterwards. I believe that there were nymphs dancing, represented on the spaces between the

windows, but they certainly looked like Hottentots dancing in the dark. The furniture of the room was very scanty, consisting of nothing but the long dining-table, and chairs enough to fit it, but over the end of the table nearest the fire-place, was spread a beautifully white damask cloth, on which appeared two candlesticks, two napkins, a number of knives and forks and plates, and no less than eight dishes, from which exhaled a very savoury odour. I mechanically walked up towards the fire, when suddenly, to my horror and consternation, a voice addressed me from the mantelpiece, exclaiming, "*Petit coquin, petit coquin !*" and the next instant there was a whirr, and I felt something brush my cheek and fall upon my shoulder. On examination, it proved to be a bird of a kind which I had never seen before, and which, in this individual instance, I probably should not have recognised, if I had seen a thousand of its species. It was a cockatoo,

which had thought fit to moult in the midst of the winter, and had done it so completely, that though warmly enough robed in a covering of fine down, not a feather was to be seen upon its body, except the pen feathers of the wings, those of the tail, and a long yellow crest on the head. I call it yellow, because that is the colour it ought to have been, but sooth to say, its fondness for the chimney-corner had so completely smoked my new friend, that the general hue of its whole body was a dull but most decided gray.

It seemed an amiable and affectionate bird, however, although with its yellowish crest, and unfeathered form, it looked very much like one of those meagre dowagers whom we see at parties with dresses a great deal too much cut down for the satisfaction of the beholders. It continued repeating in a playful and endearing tone, "*petit coquin, petit coquin !*" as if it imagined the epithet to imply the greatest ten-

derness. While the words were yet in its beak, however, and before any regular conversation had begun between us, the party was augmented by another gentleman carrying in his hand a round hat with three broad bands, which was generally one of the signs or symbols of a man well provided in official situations.

He was a stout and self-important, but evidently a very keen personage. He was one of those for whom trifles have much importance, not from any peculiar capacity for dealing in details, but because a natural tendency of the mind of man to attach a certain degree of magnitude to all he observes himself had not been properly corrected in his youth. The bird was still rhyming, "*petit coquin, petit coquin !*" and advancing at once towards me with an air of jovial frankness, he caught me by the arm, saying—

"Ah, little rogue, the bird knows you, it

seems. Now, you are some young aristocrat, I will warrant."

Now it so happened, that I made the exact answer which was required under the circumstances. Let it be understood that I had received no instructions whatever; that Father Bonneville had never even touched upon the subject of politics in his own house; that while deploring excesses, and excited and alarmed by the crimes, which he saw going on every day around him, he had never even hinted an opinion upon any of the great questions which agitated the public mind at the time. But in my walks through the town and the country, I had been so much accustomed, for the last twelve months or more, to hear the name of aristocrat applied to any one who wore a better coat than his neighbour, that I gradually learned to look upon that term as implying the basest, meanest, and most pitiful of all things. My cheek flushed, my brow

contracted with an expression of anger which could not be assumed, and I replied, sharply—

“No, citizen, no ! Neither I, or any one I know, are aristocrats. You insult us by calling us so.”

My passion was ridiculous enough ; for I had not the slightest idea in the world what the word aristocrat meant. Nevertheless, it had its effect, although that might have been lost for want of witnesses, had not Madame Michaud entered the room at the moment, to see that everything was properly provided for her honored guests.

“There, Monsieur Le Commissaire,” she said, “I think you have got your answer. You do not expect to find aristocrats in my house, I suppose.”

“I have found one,” answered the commissary, nodding his head ; “and he will find soon that he is discovered. Shake hands,

citizen, if you are really and truly a lover of your country and the rights of man. But mind, you don't presume to touch my hand if you are only shamming a love of freedom."

I placed my hand in his boldly, and shook it warmly; for I had as little idea of that in which true freedom consists as most of his patient followers in the political career, who, with very rare exceptions, were devout worshippers of words, with a very indefinite notion, indeed, of things.

He was satisfied, it seemed, and sat down to take a cup of coffee and drink a glass of liqueur with Madame Michaud—without paying for them. Indeed, he seemed upon very amicable terms with the lady, and I strongly suspect that it was good policy in all hostesses of Paris, not to refuse anything that commissaries of police might think fit to demand.

Shortly after, Father Bonneville made his

appearance, and although he answered all civil interrogatories, he played his part so discreetly, that no suspicion seemed to be aroused.

The commissary quitted the room in jovial good humor, and the rest of the evening passed without anything remarkable.

About this time, the images which memory presents in her long looking-glass, are somewhat vague, and ill-defined—perhaps I have not had the opportunity of refreshing my remembrance as to the minute details, and many a scene stands out in strong relief from a picture generally dark and obscure. Only one of those scenes will I notice here, before I go on to matters more immediately affecting myself.

There was what is called a *table d' hôte* at the inn where we stayed—a great accommodation to travellers—which is now very common, though in the time I speak of, it was more cus-

tomary to lodge in what is called an *hôtel garni*, and to obtain one's food from without. One day, I know not whether it was the second or third after our arrival, we were seated at the dinner-table in the hall, when the same commissary of police, I have mentioned, entered the room, and slowly looked round the guests. I could see many a changing countenance at the table—some rosy faces which became white ; and warm, glowing lips, which partook of an ashy paleness. The commissioner, however, fixed his eyes upon one particular gentleman, a man, perhaps, of fifty-seven or fifty-eight years of age, who had been one of the lightest and gayest of the guests. He saw the peculiar look of the officer, and probably understood its meaning completely ; but he staid to finish quietly the joke which hung upon his lips, and then asked with the laugh still ringing around him—

“ Mister commissary, is your business with me ? ”

The commissary slowly nodded his head, and our friend, who was sitting next to Father Bonneville on the right, instantly rose, saying with a jocund smile—

“ I anticipated great things from the second course, but I must resign it, and do so with the self-denial of a hermit. Ladies and gentlemen, there are three things greatly to be desired in life : a pleasant, hopeful youth ; a warm and genial middle life ; and a short, unclouded, old age. The two first I have obtained, by the mercy of God—or of the Gods—or of any God that you like, Monsieur Commissaire—the third is very likely to be granted to me likewise. I will therefore only drink one more glass to the good health of all here present, before I drink another draught little less acceptable, and infinitely more tranquillizing.”

Thus saying, he raised a glass of wine, already filled, toward his lips, bowed gracefully

round the table, drank the wine, and walked out of the room with the commissary of police.

The next day, at noon, we heard he had just been guillotined.

CHAPTER VII.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES RENEWED.

WHY we lingered in Paris I never knew, or have forgotten. It is very probable, there were difficulties in the way to the frontier, which good Father Bonneville feared to encounter—or, perhaps, he was sensible of the approach of severe illness, and feared to undertake the journey in such a state of health. The fatigues of our flight had been too much for the old man, and although he never appeared upon the way half as tired as I was, yet, after our

labours were over, while I rallied, and became as brisk and active as ever in four-and-twenty hours, he remained languid and feeble, and unwilling to stir out of his room. He would not confine me, however, to the hotel, but suffered me to visit various parts of Paris, where objects worthy of attention were to be seen. I thus acquired a tolerable knowledge of the principal leading thoroughfares of the town, and could find my way from one part of the city to another, with perfect ease.

For some time, I shut my eyes to the fact that my old friend and protector was really ill ; but when we had been in Paris about a fortnight, the change which had taken place in his appearance, his pale and haggard face, and the thinness of his always delicate and beautiful hands, awoke me to a sense of his real state.

“I fear you are not well, my Father,” I said, as I sat by his side, while he leaned

back in his great chair, with his feet to the fire.

Father Bonneville shook his head mournfully, and I urged him to let me go for a physician.

"I believe you must, Louis," he answered; "for I do feel very ill, and I would fain recover strength enough, at all events, to place you, my son, in safety before I die."

"There is a physician lives close by," I said, "I can run for him in a minute."

"No, no," cried the good priest, "that will not do. There was a physician here in Paris, whom I knew in days of old—a good and a sincere man, who would not betray us, but, on the contrary, would give us aid and advice in other matters, besides those of mere health. Do you know the Place Du Petit Chatelet, Louis?"

I replied, that I knew it well, and Father Bonneville wrote down the name of a physician,

and the number of his house, saying, in the desponding tone of sickness—

“Very likely he may be dead, and then I know not what we shall do.”

Without any loss of time, I sallied out into the streets of Paris, in search of Dr. L——. It was a fine, clear, cold afternoon, with the snow lying piled up at the sides of the streets, the fountains all frozen, and the chains of the street-lamps covered with glittering frost. The wind was keen and cutting, and few people, especially of the lower orders, were in the street; for though *sans culottism* may be a very good thing, it is by no means warm, and the worthy rulers of the destinies of France, at that moment, had not great-coats enough amongst them to render them indifferent to a north-east wind. I could thus pursue my way rapidly, uninterrupted by the crowds which usually thronged the streets of the French capital, and though doubtless I did not take all

the shortest ways, I soon reached the place I was seeking. The houses were tall, dirty, well-smoked ; and ever open doors round the whole place gave entrance to innumerable stair-cases, which led up to the dwellings of low advocates, notaries public, physicians, artists, poor men of letters, and all that class who scrape a precarious existence from the faults, the follies, the misfortunes, the miseries of others. But now I had a very puzzling calculation to make. Father Bonneville had written down, after the name of Dr. L——, number five, Place du Petit Chatelet, but not a house was to be seen which had a number on it, and I was obliged to guess at which corner the numeration commenced. I was evidently wrong in my first essay, for no Dr. L—— could I find in the house which I fixed upon ; and short and snappish were the answers I got at the various doors where I applied.

That could not be number five, and so I turned to the other side of the square, and be-

gan in the opposite direction. As I was counting the houses from the corner, I saw a little girl coming from a street nearly in face of me, with a basket in her hand, and poorly dressed. She turned suddenly into one of the door-ways, and I sprang after her, running as fast as possible, and nearly overturning an old woman, who was roasting chesnuts in a tin kettle—for which I had my benediction. Little cared I, however; for my heart beat wildly, and the only thing I feared at that moment, was, that I should lose sight of that little girl with the basket; for I had taken it into my head at once that she was Mariette de Salins. She had gone up the stairs, however, when I reached the door, and without pausing for an instant I ran up after her, just in time to see her enter an apartment on the second floor, the door of which was closing as I approached. I knocked sharply, without a moment's consideration, when an elderly man, with thin and powdered white hair, and a pleasant

though grave expression of countenance, presented himself, asking who I wanted.

A moment's consideration had shown me that it might be dangerous to mention the name of Mariette; nor must it be supposed that such discretion was at all marvellous in a boy of my age at that time; for those were days of constant peril, when every act was to be thought of, every word weighed, and the habit of caution and reserve was inculcated as a duty upon even mere children. On the spur of the occasion, then, I replied that I was seeking Dr. L——, still keeping my eyes fixed upon a door which stood ajar leading into a room beyond.

"My name is Doctor L——," replied the old man. "What is it you want with me, my son? And why are you looking so earnestly in there?"

"I want you to come and see a gentleman who is sick," I replied, "in the Hotel de Clermont, close by the Quinze-vingts."

"Is he very ill?" asked the doctor. "What is his name?"

But before I could answer either of his questions, the inner door I have mentioned was drawn back, the beautiful little face peeped out, and in a moment after Mariette was in my arms.

"I thought it was you, dear Mariette," I cried, kissing her tenderly, while she seemed never tired of hugging me. "Where is your mother? How is she?"

"Hush, hush!" said the old doctor, closing the outer door; "no questions or answers of any kind here, except medical ones. Mariette knows well that she must be silent, and answer no inquiries—and so," he continued, after having thus stopped all explanations between us, "I suppose I am to conclude, my son, that this story of the sick man is a fiction, and that your object was to catch your little playfellow here."

"No, indeed," I replied, with some indigna-

tion, "I have not been taught to speak falsehoods, sir. The gentleman, I mentioned, does wish to see you, and is very ill. His name you will know when you see him; for you have met before—not that I mean to say I did not want to see Mariette, and indeed you must let her tell me where I can find her; for it is a long, long time since I have seen her."

"That cannot be," said the doctor, gravely; "she must learn to keep counsel—are you of the same town, then?"

"Oh, she lived with me for a long time," I replied; "and the gentleman whom I want you to come and see is the same who was so kind to her there."

"I should like to see him very much," said Mariette, looking down.

"Well, well, I will go to him," said the doctor, gravely, "and if it be proper that you two children should meet again, I will bring it about. Now you, Mariette, go in and empty your basket as usual. You, my son, go back

to your friend, and say I will be with him in an hour."

Thus saying, he led me gently by the arm to the door and put me out; and I hastened back with all my intelligence to Father Bonneville, asking him if it were not strange that I should find Mariette at the house of Doctor L——.

"Perhaps not," replied the good priest, with a faint smile. "The doctor is a native of our own province, and known to many of the good and the wise there."

He said no more upon the subject, and made no inquiries, but remained somewhat listlessly in his chair gazing into the fire, till at length came a gentle knock at the door, and the physician entered, dressed with somewhat more care than he had been an hour before, with a three-cornered hat on his head, and a gold-headed cane in his hand. He approached Father Bonneville with an unconscious air, and without the slightest sign of recognition,

till the old priest held out his hand to him, saying,

“Ah, my friend, do you not remember me? You have not changed so much as I have, it would seem.”

Doctor L—— started back; for the sweet, silvery tones of the voice seemed to wake up memory, and he exclaimed,

“Is it possible? my good friend, Bonneville!—Nay, nay, you are too much changed for time to have done it all. You must be really ill. Leave us, my young friend, I doubt not we shall soon set all this to rights.”

I retreated into my little room where it was cold enough, for there was no fire-place, and waited there shivering very tolerably for nearly an hour, while Dr. L—— and the good priest remained in consultation. At the end of that time Dr. L—— came and called me back, and when I re-entered Father Bonneville’s room, held me by the arm at a little distance from

him, gazing very earnestly in my face, and seeming to scrutinize every line.

“Yes,” he said at length, turning to my old friend; “yes, he is very like him—Poor boy, what a fate!—Well, my young friend,” he said, suddenly changing the subject. “We must get good Citizen Charlier here, to his bed as soon as possible. He will be well soon, and would have been well by this time if he had sent for me before. But we must try and make up for lost time. I will not send him to the apothecary’s for drugs,” he said, “for we are never sure of them at those places—one man acknowledged the other day that during twenty years he had never sold one genuine ounce of rhubarb. I have two other visits to pay; but let him come to my house in an hour and a half, and I will send what will do you good. Perhaps I may see you again to-night.”

“Shall I find Mariette with you?” I asked, looking up in the doctor’s face.

The good man shook his head, and then turning to Father Bonneville, said with a smile,

“I think these two children are in love with each other; but little Mariette is so discreet that she would not even tell me who he was or who you were. She has had bitter lessons of caution for one so young—perhaps you may sometimes see her at my house, my son; but you must imitate her discretion, and neither ask any questions, nor answer them if put to you by strangers.”

“Oh, Louis is growing very discreet,” said Father Bonneville; “for we have had warnings enough since we have been in this house to prevent us from taking the bridle off our tongues for a moment—Fare-you-well, my good friend, I shall be glad to see you again to-night if you can contrive to come; but yet I do not think it is needful for my health that you should take such trouble.”

“We will see, we will see,” replied the

doctor, and shaking him by the hand he left the room.

The good Father, then, with my assistance, undressed and went to bed, to say sooth, where he would have been much better three or four days before ; and at the appointed hour I went for the medicines which had been promised, but saw no one except an old female servant, who gave me two bottles addressed to Citizen Charlier.

As I returned, I met a furious mob coming up the streets with a bloody head upon a pike, and perhaps I was in some peril, though I was not aware of it at the time. My dress, though very plain, was neat and whole, and I was seized as I attempted to pass through the mob, by a gaunt, fierce-looking man, with hardly one untattered piece of clothing on his back. He called me a cursed little aristocrat, and made the man who bore the head on the pike, lower the bloody witness of their inhuman deeds to make me kiss it. They brought it to

the level of my head, and thrust its dark, contorted features into my face. But I stoutly refused to kiss it, saying I was not an aristocrat ; and why should I kiss a head that they told me had belonged to one.

“ If you can make me out an aristocrat,” I exclaimed, “ I will kiss it.”

“ What have you got here in your hand ?” cried the sans-culotte, snatching the bottles from me.

“ Only medicines for a sick man,” I replied.

He tore off the paper, however, opened one of the bottles and put it to his mouth, then spat upon the ground with a blasphemous oath, exclaiming,

“ He is only a *garçon apothecaire*. Let him pass, let him pass ! He will kill as many *sacre* aristocrats with his cursed drugs as we can with the guillotine. Let the imp pass. His is a trade that should be encouraged.”

Thus saying, he marched on, and his fierce and malignant companions followed. I cannot

say that I was in reality frightened. Every thing had passed so quickly that I had not had time to become alarmed ; but I felt bewildered, and paused for a moment to gather my senses together after the mob had passed into the Place du Petit Chatelet which was close at hand. I was still standing there when I heard a voice saying, "Louis, Louis."

I looked round, but could see nobody, and the only place from which the sound could proceed, appeared to be one of those open doors so common in Paris at the time, with a dark passage beyond it.

"Louis, Louis," said the voice again, "come in here, I want to speak to you."

It was not the tongue of Mariette certainly ; for her sweet, child-like tones I should have known any where ; and I hesitated whether I should go in or not. I resolved not to seem cowardly, however, and walked into the passage. I could then see faintly, a tall, and as it appeared to me, graceful figure move on before

me, and I followed into a little room quite at the back of the house, to which the light was admitted from a little court behind. There the figure turned as I entered, and I beheld Madame de Salins.

The room itself presented a painful picture of poverty. It could not have been above ten feet square, and in one corner, without curtains, or any shelter from the wind, was the bed of Madame de Salins herself, and close by it a little bed for her daughter. The latter, indeed, was fenced round with a shawl hung upon two chairs, which only left one in the room vacant. A table, a broken looking-glass, a few cups and glasses, with a coffee-pot standing by the fire, seemed to form all the other furniture of the chamber. I had very little time to look round me; for Madame de Salins at once began to inquire after the health of Father Bonneville.

“I saw you from a front window,” she said, as soon as I had answered her first question, “and feared that those men would maltreat

you ; for they have the hearts of tigers, and spare no one."

A sudden fear seized me, lest Mariette should be even then coming from the house of good Doctor L——, and encounter the ruffians whom I had just escaped.

"Is Mariette at the Place du Chatelet ?" I asked, eagerly. "Let me go and see that no harm happens to her."

"No, no," replied Madame de Salins. "She is here with the old lady in the front room, who lets us sometimes sit with her, as a relief from this dark, dismal hole. You are a good, brave boy, however, Louis, and for every kind and generous act you do, depend upon it you will have your reward. Mariette, thank God, is quite safe, and she has learnt whenever she sees a crowd to avoid it. But tell me more about Father Bonneville. Does Doctor L—— think he is in danger ?"

I was not able to give her any satisfactory answer, for I really did not know what was the

physician's opinion of my good preceptor's case.

"Tell him," said Madame de Salins, "that I will come to see him if I can do so secretly ; but I am under surveillance, and all my movements, I fear, will be watched till some new change takes place in this ever-shifting government. I have several things to say to him, and could wish to see him much."

She spoke in an anxious and thoughtful tone, and doubtless had many matters of deep and painful importance pressing upon her mind at the moment. Boy-like, however, my attention was directed principally to the more obvious inconveniences which she suffered, and I said,

"I am afraid you must be very badly off here, Madame."

The lady smiled.

"Badly enough, my dear boy," she replied. "But yet we might be very much worse—nay, we have been much worse in mind, if not in body. But I will not keep you now. Tell

Monsieur de Bonneville what I have said, and add that if he has any thing to reply, he can communicate it to me through Doctor L——.”

When I reached the inn, my first task was to give good Father Bonneville the medicine prescribed for him, and then to tell him of my interview with Madame de Salins. He seemed greatly interested, and repeated once or twice,

“Poor thing ! poor thing ! I hope she will be successful ; but I can’t help her—I can do nothing to help her. I know too little to give her advice, and have no power to give her assistance.”

I did not press the subject upon him, nor make any inquiries, but sat for a long time by his bed-side reading to him both in Latin and in French. English was by this time quite forbidden between us, and we had no English books.

In the evening, towards nine o’clock, Doctor L—— came again, and felt his patient’s pulse with a cheerful air.

“The good woman of the house,” he said, “waylaid me on the stairs, to ask if you were likely to die, my good friend, and to suggest that in that case it would be as well to send you to the hospital. I have spared you that journey, however, by assuring her that in a week or ten days you will be well enough to go to the opera, if by that time they have left any singers with their heads on. They guillotined poor Benoit this morning. I ventured to suggest that they would not get such another tenor in a hurry; and so they made him sing before they put him into the cart, to try, I suppose, how they liked it. Whether he sang too well or too ill to please them, I don’t know, but they drove him off to the guillotine, while I was seeing another prisoner.”

Father Bonneville gave a shudder; but sickness is always more or less selfish, and though naturally one of the most unselfish men in the world, his thoughts speedily reverted to himself.

“I trust,” he said, “that there will be no necessity for sending me to the hospital. Did you quite satisfy the good woman?”

“Quite,” replied Doctor L——. “I told her that I would be answerable for your not giving occasion to a funeral from her house, which is what all these good aubergiste fear. I told her, moreover, that when your daughter and your granddaughter arrived from the country, you would very speedily rally.”

“My daughter,” said Father Bonneville, with a faint smile. “I have no daughter but spiritual daughters, my friend.”

“Perhaps we may find you one for the occasion,” said Doctor L——, laughing. “But I will tell you more about it to-morrow; for although you must be, of course, consulted whether you will have a child or not, yet in this case, out of the ordinary course of nature, the child must first be asked whether she likes to be born. In short, I have a scheme in my head, my good friend; but it requires matur-

ing, and the pivot upon which it all turns is your rapid recovery. So take care of yourself; cast care from your mind for the present, and you will speedily be both well and strong again."

Thus saying, he left him, and for two or three days no event of any importance occurred, except the gradual improvement of Father Bonneville, under the kind and zealous treatment of the good physician.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PERIOD OF CHANGES.

AT the period I speak of there were changes in Paris every day. True, one horror was only succeeded by another, and one fierce tyranny but made place for a tyranny more fierce and barbarous. The condemnation of the king, and his death, which followed shortly after, occupied for a time all thoughts, and filled many a bosom which had previously felt the strongest, nay, even the wildest aspirations for liberty, with gloom, and doubt, and dread. The moment, however, the head of the good

king fell upon the scaffold the death-struggle began between the Mountain and the Gironde, and in the many heaves and throes of the contending factions, many persons found opportunity to escape from perils which had previously surrounded them. Although a mere boy at the time, I was quite familiar with the daily history of these events; for they were in every body's mouth, and I might even greatly swell this little memoir, by narrating minutely the various scenes, some terrible, some ludicrous, which I myself beheld. The most terrible was the death of the king, at which, jammed in by the multitude, without a possibility of escape, I was myself present, and within a few yards of the instrument of death. But it is my object to pass as lightly as possible over these young recollections, though many of them were too deeply graven on memory ever to be effaced. I shall never forget, as long as I live, the face of a tall, gaunt man, who was close to me at the moment when the king attempted

to speak to the people, and the drums were ordered to beat, to drown the voice of the royal martyr. Rage and indignation and shame were written in every line, and I heard him mutter between his teeth,

“ Oh, were there but a hundred men in Paris true to France and to themselves.”

My own belief is, that a very few acting at that moment in concert, and fearless of their own safety, might not only have saved the effusion of the king's blood, but might have given a different direction to the revolution, and saved the lives of thousands. However that might be, I went away from the scene with horror, and shut myself up for the rest of the day with good Father Bonneville, who was now able to rise. The physician saw him twice during the day, and once I was sent out of the room for a short time. Doctor L—— spoke jokingly more than once in my presence, of the good priest's daughter and granddaughter, and though I did not see the point of

the jest, I imagined it was one way he had of amusing himself.

Father Bonneville, however, seemed to me to humor him strangely, answering him in the same strain, and inquiring when he thought his daughter would arrive.

“I really cannot tell,” replied the physician. “But, of course, you will have a letter from her before she comes.”

Three days afterwards a letter was brought from the post-office, and Father Bonneville examined the seal with a smile. It had not been considered inviolable, that was clear; for either at the post-office or in the hotel, they had thought fit to open the letter without even taking the decent precaution of re-sealing it again. The contents of the epistle I saw, and they certainly puzzled me a good deal when first Father Bonneville gave the paper into my hand.

The letter began, “My dear Father,” and went on in the usual strain of a child writing

to a parent, telling him how much grieved she was to hear that he had been sick in Paris, expressing fears that he had over-fatigued himself in seeking for news of her dear husband, and informing him that she would soon be in Paris herself, with her little girl, to pursue the inquiry. The letter throughout was filled with a great number of the cant expressions of republicanism, then common, and it ended with declaring that if the writer's dear husband was dead, she could console herself with the thought that he had died in defence of his country, though she could not bear the idea that he might be lingering ill of his wounds without any affectionate hands to tend him. The letter was addressed to "Citizen Jerome Charlier," was dated from a provincial town in Poitou, and was signed "Clarisse Bonfin."

Father Bonneville smiled as he marked the expression of my face in reading the letter; and when I had done, he asked me if I knew who these relations of his were. I replied in

the negative, and he answered, nodding his head,

“Some whom you know very well ; but you must remember, Louis, you are only to know them as my daughter and granddaughter, and as your own aunt and cousin. Call the lady ‘Aunt Clarisse, or Aunt Bonfin,’ and the little girl, ‘Mariette Bonfin.’ ”

The last words threw a ray of light upon the whole affair—and I was delighted. There is nothing, I believe, that children love so much as a little mystery, especially boys of thirteen or fourteen ; but I had the additional satisfaction of having to play a part in the drama—a task always charming to a child brought up in France. I acted my character rather well, I flatter myself ; and when Father Bonneville, well knowing that the letter had been read before it reached him, sent me to talk to our good hostess about rooms for our expected relations, I gave the buxom dame quite enough of Aunt Bonfin and Cousin

Mariette, and described them both so accurately, that she could have no doubt of my personal acquaintance with these supposed connections. She thought it best, however, to deal with Citizen Charlier himself in regard to the apartments to be engaged, and visited him in his room for that purpose.

The old gentleman was very taciturn, and seemed to think it a part of his character to drive a hard bargain.

“His daughter,” he said, “was not rich : she had a great deal of hard-work and traveling before her to find out what had become of her husband, who had been wounded if not killed at Jenappes, and she could not afford to throw her money away in inns. There was a good deal of skirmishing on these points, and a good deal of laughter and jest upon the part of our hostess, who seemed as well contented, and as comfortable as if there were no such thing as a guillotine in the world, though her *table d’hôte* rather suffered from time to time, in con-

sequence of her guests being deprived of the organs of mastication amongst others. The whole, however, was settled at length, and two days afterward, I was informed that Madame Bonfin had arrived with her daughter in a little post-chaise.

The good priest was not yet well enough to quit his room, but I ran down the dingy staircase into the court-yard, and as I expected, found Madame de Salins and Mariette just getting out of a dirty little vehicle, with a wooden apron, which bore the name of a cabriolet. Madame de Salins embraced me kindly, and I did not forget to call her Aunt Clarisse, while Mariette literally sprang into my arms, and I thought would have smothered me with caresses. If there had been any doubts previously in the minds of the people of the inn, they were all dissipated by the tenderness of this meeting, and Madame de Salins and her daughter followed me up stairs to the room of good Father Bonneville. One of the waiters

accompanied us, but there the meeting was conducted as naturally as it had been below, and the words, "my daughter" and "my father," passed habitually between the good priest and the high-born lady without any pause or hesitation.

Her own apartments were next shown to Madame de Salins, and her baggage was brought up from below, when I remarked that every thing had been carefully marked with the initials C. B., to signify Clarisse Bonfin.

Oh what actors every body in Paris became at that period ! Some were so by nature ; for very nearly one half of the world is always acting a part. Others did it because it was the tone of the day ; and these formed the heroic or tragic band, who did every thing with Roman dignity and firmness, and carried the farce of representation into the very last act of the tragedy. Others were driven to act parts which did not belong to them, by the perils or necessities of their situations ; and amongst

these, was Madame de Salins, who, dressed somewhat in the *mode paysanne*, was out frequently, went boldly to police offices, and to military authorities, inquiring diligently after her husband, John Bonfin, and demanded intelligence regarding the state and conditon of a man who had never existed. A change in the direction of civic affairs, and the decapitation of two or three gentlemen, who had watched her diligently while in her lodging near the Place du Petit Chatelet, had now set her comparatively free, and she used her powers of persuasion, and her liberty, so well, that she obtained letters of recommendation to the medical officers of the armies of Dumouriez and Kellerman, with a satisfactory pass for herself, and her father, with two children. Upon what pretence she made her travelling party so large, I do not know ; but she certainly carried her point. She was out more than once at night, too, and I remarked that

Mariette was now sent daily to the house of Doctor L——, to bring the bottles of medicine which were still required by Father Bonneville—a task, which I always previously fulfilled.

As the distance was considerable, and the way somewhat intricate, I was permitted to accompany and guide my little companion, as far as the street leading into the Place du Chatelet, but was directed to go no farther, and wait there for her return. I had learned by this time to ask no questions, but I could not help thinking that Mariette often stayed a long time.

I do not know that I was of a very observing disposition, or inclined to be particularly censorious, but one thing I remarked which surprised me a good deal, and I recollect, quite well, that it gave me uncomfortable feelings. In my first interview with Madame de Salins, she had appeared overwhelmed with grief and

terror, her clothes stained with her husband's blood, and a look of wild, almost frantic horror in her face, which was never to be forgotten.

Now, however, she had not only completely recovered her composure, but was generally cheerful, and sometimes even gay. Clouds of anxiety, indeed, would occasionally float over her beautiful brow, and she would fall into deep fits of thought ; but it often seemed to me very strange that she should have so soon and so completely forgotten the husband, for whom she had seemed to mourn so sincerely. Indeed, there is nothing which so shocks—I might say, so terrifies, the earnest heart of youth, as to perceive how transient are those feelings of which to them life is made up, in the bosoms of persons older, of more experience, and more world-hardened than themselves. I loved Mariette, however, and Mariette loved me, and that was a feeling which I then fondly fancied could never decay or alter.

At length, one day, Father Bonneville declared himself strong enough to go out, and as there was a slight lull at the time in the political storm, we went to see—that is he and I—some places of public interest. I recollect an elderly gentleman coming up and joining in conversation with us, in a very mild and placable tone. The good Father was very much upon his guard, however, and in answer to some questions, said he had been very ill since he had come to Paris, and had enjoyed no opportunity of seeing the sights of the capital till the time of his stay was nearly expired.

Whether the old gentleman considered us as very stupid or not I do not know, but he soon left us, and we found afterwards that he was one of those worthy public denunciators, who at that time brought so many heads under the axe of the guillotine. He lived to a good old age, and I saw him afterwards in London, playing at cards with great devotion, and

furnished with a handsome diamond snuff-box.

This little incident, which I have only mentioned as characteristic of the times, had no result that I know of upon our fate. Three days afterwards, the two post-chaises were got in order, horses were brought from the post-house, and to my infinite satisfaction we all rolled away together out of that grim city of Paris, which will ever remain associated in my mind with memories of blood and crime.

It was a fine day—one of those days in February which come as if to bid us prepare for summer, long ere summer is near, and which I think are more beautiful and striking in France, than in any other country I know. The sunshine lay softly upon the face of the country, and on the top of a tall, bare tree, near the post-house, where we first stopped to change horses, a thrush was pouring forth its evening song, and making the air thrill with melody.

I got out of our own little post-chaise to call Mariette's attention to the bird, but when I looked into their cabriolet, to my surprise I saw that Madame de Salins was weeping bitterly. The post master approached and looked in likewise ; but she had great presence of mind, and instantly beckoning the man up, she asked him some questions regarding the movements of the armies, and whether he could give her any news of Citizen Bonfin, who commanded a company in Davoust's volunteers. The man, who seemed to compassionate her greatly, replied that he could not, and asked if she had any apprehensions regarding him. She answered that the last she had heard of her husband, was, that he had been very severely wounded, but that careful nursing might yet save his life. The good post-master was not a Parisian, nor a litterateur, and so without affecting atheism, he prayed God to bless her endeavors, and we rolled on upon our way.

We went on for two or three hours after

dark, and lodged as we found it expedient, at a post-house some little distance from Clermont. There, however, our landlord, the post-master, proposed a change in our arrangements, which was a very agreeable one to me. He laughed at four persons of one family travelling in two post-chaises, assured us that it would be much more convenient for us to go in a larger vehicle, having one to dispose of which would exactly suit us, and that we should save a good deal of money by the number of post-horses. His arguments seemed quite conclusive both to Father Bonneville and Madame de Salins, although he demanded two hundred livres and our two carriages, for the one he intended to supply, which was not worth two hundred livres in itself.

I was surprised at their acquiescence; for I did not believe they had much money to spare; but I rather imagine that they were afraid to oppose any thing he thought fit to suggest, and that if he had known their exact

situation, he might have taxed them still more largely. By one contrivance or another, however, the papers of the family had been put into such good order, that no suspicion seems to have been excited anywhere. Perhaps, indeed, we were too insignificant to attract much attention, and at the end of a four day's journey, we found ourselves rapidly approaching the frontiers of France, somewhat to the right of our then victorious army. This was, perhaps, the most dangerous point of our whole expedition, and at a spot where two hours more would have placed us in security beyond the limits of France, we paused for the night, in order to consider carefully the next step, lest we should lose the fruit of all our exertions at the very moment that it seemed within our grasp.

CHAPTER IX.

A BOY'S MANŒUVRE.

It was decided to drive right towards the frontier, beyond which the advance of the French army had already been considerable. All the country, almost to the banks of the Rhine, was virtually in the hands of France; but no general system of administration had been thought of. The people were foreign, monarchical and anti-Gallican, and were ready enough to give every assistance to fugitives from a system which they hated and condemned.

This decision was taken, like all desperate ones, upon the calculation, right or wrong, of the chances. I was in the room when all points were discussed between Father Bonneville and Madame de Salins. Mariette lay sleeping in a corner of her mother's bed, looking like a cherub ; but I, more anxious perhaps, and more alive to the real perils of our situation than any one of my age could have been, not disciplined by the scenes which I had gone through during the last two months, was still up, and listening eagerly for every word. The order was given for the post-horses to be put to, the next morning, and as was necessary, the route was stated.

The post-master showed some little hesitation, saying that the road we proposed to go was directly that to the head-quarters of the army, and that we were none of us military people.

"But I am the wife of a soldier," replied Madame de Salins, at once, and with a tone

of dignity, "and these letters are for the surgeons-general of that army, to whom I must deliver them."

She laid her hand upon the packet of letters which she possessed, as she spoke, and the post-master replied in a more deferential tone—

"Very well, citoyenne, I dare say it is all right, and I can send you to the frontier; but whether you can get horses beyond or not, I can't tell. Mind, I am not responsible beyond the frontier."

The next morning at the hour appointed the horses were put to the carriage. They were three in number—we had previously had four—and they were harnessed, as was very common then in France, and is now, abreast. The postillion, instead of getting into his great jack-boots, as I had always previously seen, got upon the front seat of the carriage, gathered up the reins, and with the crack of a long whip, set out towards the frontier. He was a sullen-looking, dull, uncommunicative person, of that

peculiar race found in the neighbourhood of Liege, and called Walloons ; and I, who was sitting with my shoulder close to his, though with my back towards him, and with nothing to intercept our communication—for the carriage was open in front—endeavoured in vain to make him speak a word or two, addressing him frequently but obtaining no reply.

At first I supposed that he could speak no French, and at last gave up the undertaking. But I soon found that he could speak French enough when it suited his purpose.

We drove along for about seven miles without meeting a single human being, and seeing very few cultivated fields ; for as frontier districts generally are, the land was left nearly untended, nobody caring much to plant harvests that they were never sure of reaping.

We at length came to a rude stone pillar, upon as bleak and desolate a spot as I ever remember to have seen. The ground was elevated, but sloped gently down to the neighbor-

ing country both before and behind us. At least three miles of desolate marsh, which retained its moisture, heaven knows how, swept around us on every side, and the only object which denoted human habitation was the outline of a village, with some trees, seen at the distance of some four or five miles on the plain which lay a little below us in advance. When we reached the rude sort of obelisk I have mentioned, the driver drew in his reins, and the horses stopped to breathe, as I supposed, after climbing the hill: but the next moment the man got down from the front seat, and approaching the side at which Father Bonneville sat, demanded his drink-money.

“I will give it you when we reach the next post-house,” said Father Bonneville.

“This is the only post-house I shall take you to,” replied the man sullenly, but in very good French, “I am not bound to go an inch beyond the line.”

The good priest remonstrated mildly, but the

postillion answered with great insolence, threatening to take out the horses and leave us there.

Father Bonneville answered without the slightest heat, that he must do so if he pleased ; that we were at his mercy ; but that he was bound, if possible, to take us to the next post-house.

Seeing that this menace had produced no effect upon the quiet and gentle spirit of the good old man, the postillion now determined to try another manœuvre, and grumbled forth that he knew very well we were aristocrats, seeking to fly from the country, and that, therefore, like a good citizen, he should turn his horses round, drive us back, and denounce us at the municipality.

I had listened anxiously to the conversation, with a heart beating with the fear of being stopped, and indignation at the man's conduct. At length a sudden thought struck me—what suggested it I do not know—nor how it arose,

nor whether, indeed, thought had anything to do with it, though I have called it a thought. It was more an impulse—an instinct—a sudden determination taken without reason, which made me clamber, with the activity of a monkey, over the back of the seat on which I was sitting, and snatch up the reins and the whip which the postillion had laid down upon the foot-board. I was determined to be out of France at all events, whoever staid behind; and I cut the horses on either flank without waiting to give notice or ask permission. I had once or twice driven a cart, loaded with flour, from the mill by the banks of the stream, up to Father Bonneville's house and back again. I had not the slightest fear in the world; Father Bonneville cried "Stop, stop;" but I drove on.

Madame de Salins gave a timid cry of surprise and fear, but I drove on. The postillion ran shouting and blaspheming after the car-

riage, and tried to catch the reins ; but I gave him a tremendous cut over the face with the whip, and drove on.

I know not what possessed me ; but I seemed as if I was suddenly set free—free from the oppressive shackles of everlasting fear, and forethought and anxiety. The frontier of France was behind me. I was in a land where there were no guillotines—no spies, as I thought—no denouncers—no *sans-culottes* with bloody heads upon their pikes. I was free—to act, and to think, and to speak, and to come and to go, as I liked.

The cold, leaden, heavy spell of terror which had hung upon me was broke the moment I passed that frontier line, and the first use I made of my disenchantment was to drive the horses down that hill like a madman. Father Bonneville held tight on by the side of the carriage. Madame de Salins caught up Mariette, and clasped her tightly in her arms ;

but still I drove on without trepidation or pause ; not that I disregarded the commands of my good preceptor : not that I was insensible to the alarm of Madame de Salins ; but a spirit was upon me that I could not resist.

I had no fear, and therefore I saw not why they should have any. The course I was pursuing seemed to my young notions to offer the only chance of safety, and therefore I thought they ought to rejoice as well as myself ; and on I went, making the dry dust of a March day fly up into clouds along our course, and leaving the unhappy postillion, cursing and swearing, far, far behind us.

Happily for me, the horses were docile, and had been long accustomed to run between the two post-houses. If they had a will of their own, and that will had been contrary to mine, I am very much afraid the majority of heads and legs would have carried the question ; but they comprehended the object at which I

aimed, and though unaccustomed to the hand that drove them, yielded readily to its direction—which was lucky—for about half way down the hill there was an enormous stone in the middle of the road, which would have inevitably sent us rolling down into the middle of the valley if either of the off wheels had come in contact with it. The third horse puzzled me a little; but it did not matter. They had but one way to go, and we got to the bottom of the hill without accident.

“Stop them, stop them, Louis,” cried Father Bonneville, when all danger was in reality passed.

“I cannot just yet, Father,” I replied, tugging a little at the reins, “but they will go slower in a moment themselves.”

And for nearly a mile we went at a full gallop. Then the good beasts fell easily into a canter, with the exception of one, who shook his head and tugged at the rein when I at-

tempted to bring him in, but soon yielded to the influence of example, and was reduced to a trot as speedily as the other two.

When our pace was brought to a speed of about eight miles an hour, I looked round joyously into the carriage, saying—

“We have left that rogue far behind.”

“Louis, Louis, you should not have done this !” exclaimed Father Bonneville, shaking his head.

But Madame de Salins put her hand on his arm, saying—

“He has saved us, Father. Do not—do not check such decision and presence of mind. Remember he is to be a man, and such qualities will be needful to him.”

I was very proud of her praise ; got the horses easily into a quiet, ordinary pace, and drove directly into the village which we had seen from above, and where, as I had expected, the post-house was to be found.

The horses stopped of their own accord at the door, and we soon had two or three people round us. Thanks to Father Bonneville's peculiar skill in acquiring languages, the people, who seemed good and kindly disposed, were soon made acquainted with as much of our story as was necessary to tell. They entered into our cause warmly; but the post-master—or rather the post-mistress's son—a little in awe of the French army, some thirty or forty miles distant, strongly advised that we should proceed without delay, lest our French postillion should come up, and embarrass the authorities by demanding our apprehension.

The advice was very palatable to us all; the French horses were unharnessed in a few minutes; four fresh ones—somewhat fat and slow, indeed—were attached to the carriage; and Father Bonneville conscientiously deposited with the post-master the "*pour boire*," or drink-money, for our abandoned postillion, with

a couple of livres additional for the long walk he had to take.

It mattered little now whether we went fast or slow ; for we were in a hospitable country, and amongst friendly people, and ere nightfall we were many miles beyond pursuit.

CHAPTER X.

A YOUNG DREAM.

MEMORY is certainly a very strange gift, or quality of the mind—or whatever else it may be rightly termed; for I am no philosopher, and but little acquainted with the technology of metaphysics. It seems often a capricious faculty, selecting its own objects, and amusing itself with them to the rejection of others. But I am not quite sure that this imputation upon memory is justified. I must admit that with myself, as I suppose is the case with others, when I try to recall the past, the lady often

proves restive with me, and without any apparent cause, recalls all the particulars of certain scenes, and omits other passages of life close by them. Nor is this to be attributed always to the particular interest of the scenes she recalls ; for some of them are quite unimportant, light, and even ludicrous, while things affecting one's whole destiny, if not utterly forgotten, are brought back but indistinctly. I suspect, however, that the fact is, memory is like a sentinel who will not let any one enter the treasury she guards without the countersign, even though it be the master of the treasure himself.

The objects and events that we remember best are, in fact, those for which we have learned the countersign by heart, and the moment that any accidental circumstance furnishes us with the pass-word, apparently forgotten, the door is thrown open, and we behold them again, somewhat dusty perhaps, but

plain and distinct. Acts never die. They at least are immortal; and I do not think they ever die to memory either. They sleep within, and it only requires to have the key to waken them. The time will come when all shall be awakened: when every door of the heart shall be thrown open, and when the spirits of man's deeds and thoughts will stand revealed to his own eyes at least—perhaps to be his bright companions in everlasting joy—perhaps his tormenters in the hell which he has dug for himself.

Often, often, as I look back in life, I see a cloud hanging over a particular spot in the prospect, which for days, sometimes for years, will hide all beyond. Then suddenly the lightest trifle—a casual word—a peculiar odour—the carol of a bird—the notes of some old melody, will, as with a charm, dispel that cloud—sometimes dissolving it in rain-drops—sometimes absorbing it in sunshine—and all

that it concealed will burst upon the sight in horror or in loveliness. Even while I have been writing these few pages many things have thus been brought back to remembrance by the connection of one event with another, which seemed to have altogether passed away from memory when first I sat down to write. Now what is the next thing I remember ; for the rest of our journey, after we left Juliers, has passed away from me ?

I find myself on looking back, in a small, neat house, with a garden, and a little fountain in the garden, upon a sandy soil, and with a forest of long needle-leaved fir-trees stretching out to the westward. To the east there is a city of no very great extent, but still a capital, with a range of high hills running in a wavy line behind, and here and there an old ruined castle upon the lower points.

Before the city lies a wide plain, rich and smiling, full of corn-fields and vineyards, with

here and there a curious-looking spire or a couple of dome-topped towers marking the place of a village or small town, and beyond the plain, glistening in a long, long wavy line of silver, glides a broad river—the mighty Rhine.

Oh ! what sweet sunny lapses come cheering and softening the rapid course of life's troubled stream. There are several of those green spots of memory, as the poet calls it—these oases in the midst of the desert, even within my own remembrance. But on few, if any of them, can my heart rest with as much pleasure as on the months we passed in that little cottage. There were no events—there was no excitement—for me and Mariette, at least. I remember wandering with her about that sunny garden, playing with her in the cool, airy pleasure-house which stood in one corner, helping her to gather flowers to deck her mother's table, wandering with her through the forest

beneath the green shade, with the dry, brown filaments of the fir crackling under our young feet.

Here and there we would come to a place where oaks and beeches mingled with the pine and a thick growth of underwood narrowed our path ; but as compensation, we were there sure to find a rich treasure of wild-flowers, more beautiful in our eyes than all the garden bestowed. Very often, too, in the clear May evenings we would sit under the little shabby porch of the house—Mariette upon my knee, with her arms clasped round my neck—and as the sky grew grey, and the stars began to peer and glimmer up above, would listen to the notes of the nightingale as he prolonged his song after all the forest choir had fallen into silence ; and when some of those peculiar notes were coming which we love the best to hear, and Mariette knew that the delicious cadence was nigh at hand, she would raise her beautiful liquid eyes to my face, and whisper, “hark,”

and gaze at me still as if to share my enjoyment, and to make me share hers.

Oh ! how that child twined herself round my boy's heart. Dear, dear, dear Mariette. In all that I have seen in life, and strange and varied has that life been, I have never seen anything that I loved as much as you. The first freshness of my thoughts—the first—the tenderest—the purest of my affections, were all yours !

But I took other tasks in hand. Good Father Bonneville resumed his lessons to me ; but they were not very burdensome, and I began to teach Mariette. How this came about I must explain.

Madame de Salins, who had borne up so well in times of danger and active exertion, became languid, inactive, sorrowful in the time of repose. She was evidently exceedingly anxious about something—often in tears—and often returned from the neighbouring city where she went almost every day to seek for

letters, with a look of gloom and disappointment. She began to teach Mariette something herself, however; for, from various circumstances, the dear child's instruction had been neglected. It was always a task to her, however, and her mind seemed wandering away to other things, till at length good Father Bonnevillè suggested that I would teach Mariette, and Mariette was delighted, and I rejoiced; and Madame de Salins, too, was very well satisfied at heart, I believe.

Everything was speedily arranged, but Mariette and I set to work formally, and in good order. The books, and the slate, and the pen and ink were produced at a fixed hour, and if it were fine weather, we sat in the little shabby porch—if it were raining, in the little room that looked upon it. Dear, stupid little thing! What a world of trouble she gave me. She did not half know her letters when I began to teach her, and was continually mistaking the P's and B's, and Q's and D's.

R and S, too, were sad stumbling-blocks, and the putting letters together into syllables, together with pricking the page with a pin occupied a long time. Then she was so volatile too. When I was pouring forth my young philosophy upon her, and labouring hard to teach her the sounds produced by different combinations of letters, she would start up and dart out into the garden in chase of a butterfly, or tempted by a flower.

Then, when she came back and was scolded, how she would coax and wheedle her soft young tutor, and kiss his cheek and pat his hair, and one way or another contrive to get the words, "good Mariette" written at the end of every lesson to show her mother. I have got the book still, all full of pin-holes, and strange figures scribbled on it with a pen; but not one lesson in it has not "good Mariette" written at the end, though Heaven knows she was often naughty enough to merit another

comment. But I was a true lover even then, and perhaps loved the dear child's faults.

Moreover, at the end of that book of little reading-lessons there is a page which I have kissed a thousand times since. It represents—and not very badly—Mariette as she appeared then with a little spaniel dog looking up in her face. Oh! how well I recollect when it was drawn. I could always handle my pencil well, though I don't know when I learnt to draw; but as we were coming near the end of the book, I promised Mariette if she would be a very good girl indeed, and get through the remaining lessons in a week, that I would draw her picture at the end with an imaginary dog which she was always to have at some indefinite period in the future; for she was exceedingly fond of dogs, and I believe the highest ambition of her heart at that moment was to have a spaniel of her own.

Before Saturday night fell, the lessons were

all done, and I was immediately reminded of my promise. We sat in the porch, with the western sky just growing purple, and I made her get up and stand at a little distance, and sketched her lightly with a pen and ink ; and then at her feet, I drew from memory the best dog I could manufacture, with its ears falling back, and its face turned up towards her. How delighted she was when she saw it, and how she clapped her little hands ! It was all charming, but the spaniel above all, and I doubt not she was convinced that she should soon have a dog exactly like that. She ran with it, first to Father Bonnevillle, who was in the next room, and then to her mother, who was very ad that evening ; but she kissed her child, and looked at the drawing, and dropped some tears upon it—the traces are there still.

Then Mariette came back to me, and thanked and embraced me, and declared that I was the dearest, best boy that ever lived, and that

when she was old enough, she would draw me at the end of one of my books, with a great big dog as big as a horse.

This is all very trifling perhaps, and not much worthy of record, but in those trifling times, and those trifling things lie the brightest and the sweetest memories of my life. It was all so pure, so artless, so innocent. We were there in that little garden, as in a Paradise, and the atmosphere of all our thoughts was the air of Eden.

Such things never last very long. I reached my thirteenth birth-day there, and it was kept with kindly cheerfulness by Father Bonneville and Madame de Salins. Mariette I remember wove me a wreath of flowers, and put it on my head after dinner ; but that was her last happy day for a long while. The next day Madame de Salins walked to the city as usual, and Father Bonneville went with her. They were long in returning ; but when they did come back there was a sparkling light in the

eyes of Madame de Salins which I little fancied augured so much woe to me.

“Come, Louis, come,” said Father Bonneville. “Madame de Salins has heard good news at length. She must set out this very evening for England. The carriage and horses will be here in an hour, and we must all help her to get ready.”

“And Mariette?” I asked, with an indescribable feeling of alarm. “Does she stay here?”

“No, my son, no,” replied Father Bonneville, almost impatiently. “She goes with her mother of course.”

Grown people forget the feelings of childhood, especially old people, and appreciate too little either the pangs or joys of youth. Blessed is the man who bestows a happy childhood upon any one. We cannot shelter mature life from its pangs and sorrows, but we can insure, if we like, that the brightest portion of the allotted space—the portion where the

heart is pure, and the thoughts unsullied—shall be exempt in those we love from the pangs, and cares, and sorrows which, so insignificant in our eyes, are full of bitter significance to a child.

Father Bonneville did not know how terribly his intelligence depressed my heart. He rejoiced in Madame de Salins' brightening prospects, although they deprived him of society that cheered and comforted. I was more selfish; I thought only that I was again to lose Mariette, and I grieved from my very heart. I would not disgrace the first manhood of my teens by bursting into tears, though the inclination to do so was very strong, and I assisted in the preparations as much as I could.

But oh how I wished that some accident might happen to the horses before they reached our door, or that the carriage might break down—that any thing might happen which would give me one—but one day more. It

was not to be, however: the ugly brutes, and the little less ugly driver, appeared not more than half an hour behind their time, the baggage was put up, and Madame de Salins proceeded to the door of the house. She embraced Father Bonneville tenderly, and then me, and taking a little gold chain which she had in her hand, and spreading it out with her fingers, she placed it round my neck, and I saw a small ring hanging to it, which I found afterwards contained her own hair and Mariette's.

"Keep it, Louis, keep it always," she said. "I do not know when we shall meet again; but I pray God to bless you, dear boy, and repay you for all you have done for me and mine."

It was at that moment that the idea of a long separation seemed to strike Mariette for the first time. She burst into the most terrible fit of tears I ever saw, and when I took her in my arms, she clung round my neck so tight that it was hardly possible to remove her.

Madame de Salins wept too, but went slowly into the carriage, and Father Bonneville unclasping the dear child's arms carried her away to her mother's knee. I could bear no more, and running away to my own little room, gave way to all I felt; only lifting up my head to take one more look, when I heard the harsh grating of the carriage-wheels as they rolled away.

CHAPTER XI.

A SUMMARY.

I HAVE often thought that it must be a curious, and by no means unimportant, or useless process, which the Roman Catholic is frequently called upon to go through, when preparing his mind for confession.

The above sentence may startle any one who reads these pages, and he may exclaim—

“The Roman Catholic !” Is not the writer—born in a Roman Catholic country, educated by a Roman Catholic priest, and with the force of his beautiful example to support all his

precepts—is he not himself a Roman Catholic, or does he mean to say that he has never himself been to confession.

Never mind. That shall all be explained hereafter.

The process I allude to is that of making, as it were, a summary of all the acts and events, which have occurred within a certain period of the past, trying them by the test of reason and of conscience, and endeavouring to clear away all the mists of passion, prejudice, and error which crowd round man and obscure his sight in the moment of exertion or pursuit. Such is not exactly the task I propose to myself just now. All I propose to myself is to give a very brief and sketch-like view of the facts which occupied the next two or three years of my life. It will be faint enough. Rather a collection of reminiscences than of any thing else—often detached from each other, and never, I fear, very sharply defined. The truth is, events at that period were so hurried

that they seemed to jostle each other in the memory, and often when I wish to render my own thoughts clear upon the particular events of the period, I am obliged to have recourse to the written or printed records of the events, where they lie chronicled in the regular order of occurrence.

I know that after Mariette's departure, I was very sad and very melancholy for several weeks. Father Bonneville with all his kindness and tenderness, and with much greater consideration for the faults and weaknesses of others than for his own, did not seem to comprehend my sensations at all at first, and could not imagine—till he had turned it in his own mind a great many times, and painted a picture of it, as it were in imagination, that the society of a little girl of six years old could have become so nearly a necessity to a boy of thirteen.

He became convinced, however, in the end, that I was what he called “pining after

Mariette." He strove then to amuse me in various ways—occupied my mind with fresh studies—procured for me many English books, and directed my attention to the study of German, which he himself spoke well, and which I mastered with the ready facility of youth. We all know how children imbibe a language, rather than learn it, and I had not at that time lost the blessed faculty of acquisition.

All this had its effect, while I was busying my mind with other things—for I pursued every object with earnestness, nay with eagerness—I thought little of my loneliness, but often when my lessons were done, and I was tired of reading, and indisposed to walk, I would sit in our little garden, and looking round upon the various objects about me, would recall the pretty figure of my dear little lost Mariette dancing in and out amongst the trees and shrubs, and almost fancy I heard her sweet voice, and the prattle which used so to

delight me, strangely mingled as it was, of the innocent frankness of her nature, and a certain portion of shy reserve, which had been forced into her mind by the various painful scenes she had gone through.

One evening as I was thus seated and looking out upon the road, which ran between our small house and the forest, I saw an old woman coming down from the high road which led to the town with a slow and weary pace. I should not have taken much notice of her, perhaps, had not her dress been very different from that of the peasantry in the neighbourhood. It was a dress which awakened old recollections—that of the Canton in which I had been brought up, if not born. There was the white cap, with the long ears flapping down almost to the shoulders, and the top running up and curling over into a sort of helmet shape—Heaven only knows how it was constructed; but it was a very complicated piece of architecture.

Then again there was the neat little jacket

of dull colored gingham, and beneath it the short petticoat of bright red cloth, with the blue stockings, and the red embroidered clocks, and the high-heeled shoes with the silver buckles in them. She carried a good sized bundle in her hand, and held her head upright, though she was evidently tired. But as she came nearer, I saw a round, dry, apple-like face, with two sparkling black eyes and a nose of extensive proportions. I was upon my feet in one moment, and the next, good old Jeanette was in my arms.

I need not say how rejoiced I was to see her, or how rejoiced was also Father Bonneville, nor need I tell all her simple history since we had left her in France; nor how we wondered at her achieving so long a journey in perfect safety. Her account, however, showed how simple the whole process had been, though I do not mean to say that Jeanette put her statement altogether in the most simple terms. She was not without her own little share of

vanity, innocent and primeval as it was. She did not, indeed, strive to enhance the value of her services and affection toward us, but she seemed to consider that she was magnified in abstract importance by dangers undergone and privations suffered. She told us how far she had walked on foot, where she had got a Diligence, where somebody had given her a ride in a cart, where she had got no supper, where she had got a good one, where she had been cheated of fifteen sous at least, and where the landlord and landlady were good honest people, and had treated her well for a reasonable remuneration. Her great difficulties had begun in Germany ; the language of which land she understood not at all, but by dint of patient perseverance, and asking questions in French of every person she met—whether they understood that language or not—she had made her way at length to the spot which good Father Bonneville's last letter had indicated as his place of residence, not having gone, by the nicest calculation, more

than eight hundred and seventy-four miles out of her way. She looked upon it as a feat of great importance, and was reasonably proud of it; but she thought fit to assign her motives for coming at all—although those motives were not altogether very coherent, nor did the premises invariably agree with the deductions.

Indeed, Father Bonneville was a little shocked at some of the proceedings of his good housekeeper; for he had a great objection to using dirty arms against those who even used dirty arms against him. It seemed that after Jeanette had notified his absence to the municipality, his books, papers, and furniture had been seized for the rapacious maw of the public good. An auction had been held on the premises, and every thing had been sold; but Jeanette boldly produced a claim upon the effects of the absconding priest for a great arrear of wages, which she roundly asserted had never been paid. She brought forward the agreement between Father Bonneville and herself, in

which the amount to be paid monthly was clearly stated, and as the *Commune* could show no receipts it was obliged to pass the good housekeeper's account, and pay her the money out of the funds raised by the sale. Some laughed, indeed, and said that the good woman had learnt the first grand art of taking care of herself, while others defended her on the ground that it was rather laudable than otherwise to pillage an aristocrat. They cited even the cases of Moses and Pharoah, where the plunder of the Egyptians was not only lauded, but commanded. An old touch of religious fanaticism reigned in that part of the country, and men, even the most atheistical in profession and in action, which is still more, could quote Scripture for their purpose when it served their purpose.

We are told that the devil does the same—and I think it very likely.

The sum thus received from Jeanette—swelled by every item she could think of, was

by no means inconsiderable ; but she had not cheated a fraudulent and oppressive civic government for her own peculiar benefit. The sum which had been left her by Father Bonneville, and the wages which had been paid her, sufficed to maintain her for several months in Angoumois—in her frugal mode of living—and to carry her across the whole of France, leaving her with some dozen or two of livres at the time she reached us in Germany.

The money which she had obtained from the *Commune*, all carefully deposited in a canvass bag, she produced and placed in the hands of Father Bonneville, who, to say sooth, did not well know what to do in the peculiar circumstances of the case. Jeanette justified her acts and deeds towards the *Commune* upon the same principle on which some members of the *Commune* had justified her supposed acts towards Father Bonneville. She did not know much about spoiling the Egyptians indeed ; but her mind was not sufficiently refined to see the

harm of cheating cheats, or spoiling plunderers of part of their plunder.

I believe the good Father talked to her seriously on the subject when I was not present ; but what became of the money I do not know. All I can tell, is, that the good Father never seemed to be actually in want of money, and that all those romantic distresses which hinge upon the absence of a crown-piece, were spared us even in our exile.

Time passed. Jeanette was fully established in her old post in the household, with the addition of another German maid-servant. The one whom she found with us was strongly imbued with despotic ideas ; and was, for good reasons, unwilling to submit either to the orders of a foreign superior in her peculiar department, or to the inspection of accounts and prices which she soon found was to be established. Another German girl, consequently, was sought for and found, who being younger in age, unhardened by experience, and of a dif-

fidant nature, willingly undertook to receive a dollar and a half a month, and do the harder work of the house under the orders of Jeanette, of which she did not understand one word.

Our peaceful state of existence, however, was not destined to be of very long duration. The successes of the allies, then combating the republicans of France, both on the northern and eastern frontier, insured us, for some time, tranquillity and safety. We heard of the defeat of the French army at Neerwinden, and the fall of Valenciennes and Condè, mixed with vague rumors of the defection of Dumuoriez, and the flight of some of the most celebrated generals in the French arm.

These latter events gave great joy and satisfaction to Father Bonneville; for his hopeful mind looked forward to the re-establishment of law and order in his native country, and to the utter abasement of the anarchical party in France before the skill of Dumuoriez, and the bayonets of the Austrians joined with those of

all the well-disposed and moderate of the land itself.

Many others shared in the same delusions ; but the manifestoes of the Austrians, soon checked all enthusiasm, even on the part of the emigrants. No pretence was made of coming to support the loyal and orderly in the re-establishment of a monarchy, and a war of aggression and dismemberment was gladly commenced against France from the moment that Dumuoriez's more generous—and I must say, more prudent schemes, were rendered abortive by circumstances.

Doubtless, this first raised some indignation in the bosom of Father Bonneville, who was of too true and really loyal a nature to see unmoved, his native land partitioned by the sword, upon any pretence or coloring whatever. I do not know why, but these matters did not appear to me in the same light. I thought the people of France had committed a great crime and deserved to be punished, as if they were but one simple, individual man. I thought

that all who were genuine loyalists or supporters of an orderly and constitutional system were guilty of a crime little less great than that of the anarchists, in their dastardly holding back when great questions involving the whole fate of France, hung upon the simple exertion of a well-ordered body of the bourgeoisie; and I saw not why they should not be punished for their culpable negligence which was more disastrous in effect than all the virulence of the terrorists—I saw not why those who committed tremendous crimes under the name of justice, should not be brought under the sword of justice, and I looked forward, I confess, to a period of retribution with no little joy and satisfaction. It mattered not to me, in my ignorance of great affairs, whether this was effected by the Austrians, the Prussians, or any other nation on the face of the earth, but France deserved punishment, and I hoped she might be punished.

The expectations of retribution were destined to be long unfulfilled. The manifestoes

of the Allies acted with singular power and significance, producing combinations not at all expected. The royalists, the constitutionalists who still remained in France, prepared to resist operations, the avowed object of which was the dismemberment of France itself, and not the restoration of a purified monarchy. They were willing to support even their mortal enemies within the land, in resisting the newly declared enemies of the whole land, who were advancing along two frontiers.

The republicans were roused to the most powerful and successful exertions in order to repel a slow and cautious, but victorious enemy from their frontiers, and even the *émigrés*, who were scattered all along the banks of the Rhine, protested loudly against a scheme, which not only menaced the integrity of France as it then existed, but threatened to deprive the monarchy of some of its fairest provinces, if the legitimate line of their sovereigns should ever be restored.

No contrivance could have been devised so

well calculated to reunite the greatest possible number of Frenchmen in opposition to a counter-revolution, and to render all others indifferent to the progress of the allied arms, as the proclamation of the Prince of Coburg. Some few, indeed, thought with me, but mine were doubtless boyish thoughts: for I have ever remarked that it is experience, and the hard lessons of the world, which bring moderation.

Father Bonneville seldom talked upon these subjects with me; for he had rightly no great opinion of my judgment in matters of which I could have had but a very vague knowledge, and he little knew how often and how deeply I thought upon such questions.

The siege and capture of Mayence, however: the inactivity of Custine, and the retreat of the whole of the French armies within the frontier line, seemed to insure to us perfect security, for a long time to come, in our calm and pleasant retreat upon the banks of the Rhine: when suddenly burst forth that wild and venge-

ful spirit of reaction which armed all France, almost as one man, against attacks from without, and soon retrieved all she had lost under a weak government and inexperienced commander.

Toward the end of the year, our situation became somewhat perilous. After a long period of successes, the fruits of which were all lost by indecision or procrastination, the allied armies found themselves the assailed rather than the assailers, the conquered rather than the conquerors; and the fierce spirit of the Frank, the most war-loving, if not the most warlike, of all the nations of the earth, was soon ready to carry the flaming sword into all the neighboring lands.

I have given this little sketch merely to connect the events together, without at all wishing to imply that I knew or comprehended all the facts at the time, or recollect them now, except with the aid of books. My own memories are very slight and merely personal. I

remember lingering on for some months in that small house by the Rhine. I recollect the the warm, bright summer sinking down into heavy autumn, and the year withering in the old age of winter. I recollect numerous reports and rumours, and gossip's tales, and—falser than all—newspaper narratives, and printed dispatches, reaching us in our solitude, some of them exciting my wonder, and some of them my alarm ; and then I recollect various passages of no great importance in a somewhat long journey, till I find myself in a quaint old town upon the border of Switzerland, near which the Rhine breaks over high rocks and forms the cascade of Schaffhausen.

This place is only notable in my memory for the beauty of the water-fall, which I have since seen surpassed in grandeur, but not in picturesque effect, and by one little incident which there brightened many an hour.

One day, when we were there, a letter was delivered to Father Bonneville, in my pre-

sence, which he found to contain a small note addressed to me. It was the first letter I had ever received in my life, although I was now between fourteen and fifteen years of age, and the sensations which I experienced when it was placed in my hands, and I saw my own name on the back, were very strange. Imagination went whirling here and there, seeking to divine whence it could come. The mystery of my own strange, isolated existence—which was frequently present to my thoughts, was the first thing that fancy snatched at; but I did not remain long in uncertainty. The seal was soon broken, and I found a few lines in a round, childlike hand, very well written, and very well expressed, with the name of “Mariette de Salins,” at the bottom.

She told me that she wrote to show me, her dear instructor, how much progress she had made in her studies; and to tell me that although she had now a great number of companions she loved me as well as ever, and

better than them all. She bade me not forget her though she did not doubt that I had grown a great, tall man, and she was still but a little girl.

I cannot express how much pleasure this gave me ; for I had been oppressed by the thought that in new scenes and new circumstances, all memory of her young companion would soon be obliterated in the mind of my little Mariette. That such had not yet been the case was in itself a pleasure ; but I calculated sagaciously that the very fact of having to write to me, and to recall our youthful intercourse, would renew all her recollections of the time we had passed together, and give memory, as it were, a new point to start from.

Our stay in Schaffhausen only continued a few months ; for the progress of events in France, and the revolutionary spirit which began to effect other countries, left it hardly possible for emigrants to find any secure spot in Europe, except indeed in England, and thither

Father Bonneville did not seem inclined to go. At Schaffhausen, however, I pursued my studies very eagerly, and had the opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of those manly exercises which I had never yet had any opportunity of practising. There was a very good riding-school in the town, to which Father Bonneville sent me every day ; and a French exile, celebrated for his knowledge of the sword exercise, had set up a fencing school, in which I soon became a favorite pupil.

I was now a tall, powerful lad, and what between the continual exercise of the riding-school, and the Salle d'Armes, all the powers of a frame, naturally robust, were speedily developed. Previous to this time, I had stooped a little from the habit of bending over books and drawings ; but my chest now became expanded, my step firm, and I acquired a sort of military air, of which I need hardly say, I was very proud.

Thus passed four months and a few days ;

but rumours of the intention of the French to march an army up the Rhine, induced Father Bonneville to move our quarters, and about a fortnight before my fifteenth birth-day, we travelled up to Constance, and then across what they call the *Boden See*—or lake of Constance, to the Vorarlberg.

CHAPTER XII.

CHANGING SCENES AND THOUGHTS.

WE passed some time in Switzerland, wandering from place to place, and never remaining for above a few months in any. Though not very rich, we were never in want of any money; but it seemed to me that Father Bonneville protracted his stay occasionally in different towns, waiting the arrival of letters, and I concluded—having now acquired some knowledge of the general affairs of life—that these letters contained remittances. Whence they came, or by whom they were sent, I did not know; for

Father Bonneville transacted all his money affairs himself, but at the age of sixteen he began to make me a regular allowance, too much for what is usually called pocket-money, and enough to have maintained me in a humble mode of life, even if he had not paid the whole expenses of housekeeping.

With this money, at first, I committed, as I suppose all boys do, a great number of follies and extravagances. I bought myself a Swiss rifle, and became a practised shot, not only in the target-grounds, but upon the mountains, and Father Bonneville, seeming now to judge that the education of my mind was nearly completed, encouraged me to pursue that education of the body in which the good old man was unable himself to be my instructor.

The Swiss hunters, however, were good enough teachers, and I acquired powers of endurance very serviceable to me in after life. About this period, however, although I was full of active energy, and fond of every robust exer-

cise, a new and softening spirit seemed to come into my heart. Vague dreams of love took possession of me, and pretty faces and bright eyes produced strange sensations in my young bosom. I became somewhat sentimental, bought Rosseau's *nouvelle Heloise*, and poured over its burning, enthusiastic pages with infinite delight.

The beautiful scenery, which before had only attracted my attention by the effect of the forms and coloring upon the eye of one naturally fond of the arts, now seemed invested with new splendour, and the very air of the mountains fell with a sort of dreamy light, streaming from my own imaginations. I peopled the glens and dells with fair forms. I walked over the mountain tops with beautiful creations of fancy. My daily thoughts became a sort of romance, and many a strange scene was enacted before the eyes of imagination in which I myself always took some part, as the lover, the deliverer, or the hero.

Was my little Mariette forgotten all this time? Oh no! Although I could not give her features or her look to the pretty girls of the Canton with whom from time to time I dallied, yet I pleased myself by fancying that there was some trait of Mariette in each of them, and I do not recollect fancy ever having presented me with a heroine for my dreams in whose fair face the beautiful, liquid eyes of Mariette did not shine out upon me with looks of love.

I do not believe that amongst all the many books which have been written to corrupt the heart of man—and they are ten times in number, I fear, those which have been written to improve it—there is one to be found so dangerous to youth as the works of Rousseau. The vivid richness of his imagination, the strong enthusiasm of the man, and the indefinite insinuation of pernicious doctrines can be only safely encountered by reason in its full vigor, aided by experience. I happily escaped

the contamination, but it was by no powers of my own.

Father Bonneville found Rousseau lying on my table, and when I returned from one of my long rambles he sat down to discuss with me both the character of the man, and the tendency of his writings. He showed no heat, no vehement disapprobation of the subject of my study; but he calmly and quietly, and with a clearness and force of mind I have seldom seen equalled, examined the doctrines, dissected the arguments, tore away the glittering veils with which vice, and selfishness, and vanity are concealed, and left with too strong a feeling of disgust for the unprincipled author, for my admiration of his style and powers of imagination ever to seduce me again. I felt ashamed of what I had done, and when the good Father closed the book which he had been commenting upon, I rose, exclaiming,

“I will never read any more of his works again.”

“Not so, Louis,” replied the good Father. “Do not read his works at present. Pause till you are thirty. Your reason may be active, and I believe it is; but the mind, like the body, only acquires its full vigor after a long period of regular exercise and training. You will soon have to mingle largely with the world, to share in its struggles, to taste its sorrows, and to encounter its disappointments. You will see much of man and his actions. Mark them well. Trace them back to their causes. Follow them out to their consequences. It is a study never begun too soon, and about five or six-and-twenty, men who wish to found virtue upon reason, apply the lessons they have thus learned to their own hearts. If you do this, wisely and systematically, neither the works of Rousseau, nor of any other man will do you any harm.

“But here is another thing I wish to say to you, Louis. The income that is allowed you is intended to give you some means of prac-

tically learning to regulate your expenditure—to teach you, in fact, the value of money. This is a branch of study as well as every thing else, and each young man has to master it. At first, when he possesses money, his natural desire is to spend it upon something that he fancies will give him pleasure; it matters not what; and when he has wasted numerous small sums upon trifles which afford him no real satisfaction, he finds that there is some object far more desirable, which he has not left himself the means of obtaining. Then comes regret, and it is very salutary; for when the experiment has been frequently repeated, reason arrives at a conclusion, applicable, not only to the mere expenditure of money, but to the use of all man's possessions, including the faculties both of mind and body. The conclusion I mean, is, that small enjoyments often kill great ones."

That evening's conversation I shall never forget. It afforded me much matter for thought

at the time, and I have recurred to it frequently since.

Another little picture stands forth about this time, clear and distinct upon the canvas of memory, and I strongly suspect that the fact I am about to mention had a great influence on my after life.

We were then at Zurich, and I had been out on one summer evening for a long ramble through the hills. When I re-entered the town, it was dark, and going into the house of which we rented a part, I found a stranger sitting with Father Bonneville. He was a very remarkable man, and you could not even look at him for a moment without being struck by his appearance. His dress was exceedingly plain, consisting of a large, black, horseman's coat, with a small cape to it, and a pair of high riding boots ; and round his neck he had a white cravat of very many folds, tied in a large bow in front. He was tall and well-pro-

portioned, and of the middle age ; but his head was the finest I think I ever beheld, and his face a perfect model of manly beauty. I shall never forget his eye—that eye so soon after to be closed in death. There was a calm intensity in it—a bright, searching, peculiar lustre which seemed to shed a light upon whatever it turned to ; and when, as I entered the room, it fixed tranquilly on me, and seemed to read my face as if it were a book, the colour mounted into my cheek I know not why. He remained for nearly an hour after my arrival, conversing with my good old friend and myself in a strain of sweet but powerful eloquence, such as I have never heard equalled. During a part of the time the subject was religion, and his opinions, though very strong and decided, were expressed with gentleness and forbearance ; for he and Father Bonneville differed very considerably. The stranger, indeed, seemed to have the best of the argument, and

I think Father Bonneville felt it too ; for he became as warm as his gentle nature would permit.

In the end, however, the stranger rose, and laid his hand kindly in that of the good priest.

“ Read, my good friend,” he said. “ Read. Such a mind as yours should not shut out one ray of light which God himself has given to guide us on our way. We both appeal to the same book as the foundation of our faith, and no man can study it too much. From the benefit I myself have received from every word that it contains, I should feel, even were there not a thousand other motives for such a conclusion, that there is something wrong in that system of religion which can shut the great store-house of light and truth against the people for whose benefit it was provided.”

The moment he was gone, I exclaimed eagerly.

“ Who is that ?”

“One of the best and greatest men in the world,” replied Father Bonneville. “That is Lavater.”

I would fain have asked more questions, but good Father Bonneville was evidently not in a mood for further conversation that night. The visit of Lavater had pleased him—had interested him; but things had been said while it lasted which had afforded him matter for deep thought—nay, I am not sure but I might say, painful thought. I could tell quite well by his aspect when there was any vehement struggle going on in the good man’s mind, and from all I saw I thought that such was the case now.

A few days after, he went to call upon Lavater, who was living in the same town, but he did not take me with him. Lavater came again and again to see him, and they had long conversations together, at some of which I was present, at others not; and still there seemed to be a struggle in Father Bonneville’s mind.

He was very grave and silent, though as kind and as gentle as ever—fell often into deep reveries, and sometimes did not hear when I spoke to him.

At length, one day, when I returned somewhat earlier than usual from my afternoon rambles, I found him bent over a table reading attentively, and coming in front of him, I perceived not only that the tears were in his eyes, but that some of them had dropped upon the page. He did not at all attempt to conceal his emotion, but wiped his eyes and spectacles deliberately, and then laying his hand flat upon the page, he looked into my face, saying,

“Louis, you must read this book; let men say what they will, it was written for man’s instruction—for his happiness—for his salvation. It contains all that is necessary for him; and beyond this, there is nothing.”

I looked over his shoulder and found that it was the Bible.

“I thought I had read it long ago,” added Father Bonneville, “but I now find that I have never read it half enough.”

“I will read it very willingly, Father,” I replied, “but Father Mezieres, to whom you sent me preparatory to my first communion, told me, that if not an actual sin, it was great presumption in a layman to read any part of it but the New Testament.”

“Mind not that, my son,” replied Father Bonneville. “It is hard to struggle with old prejudices; to root out from our mind ideas planted in our youth, which have grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. But in this book there is life, there is light, and God forbid that any man should be prevented from drinking the waters of life freely.”

A faint smile came upon his face as he spoke, and after a moment's pause, he continued, saying,

“Do you know, Louis, I am going to become

a boy again, and recommence my studies from a new point. Some months hence I will talk with you further, and every day in the meantime I will have my lesson."

He had his lesson, as he said, each day ; for he would sit for hours poring over either the pages of the Bible or some book of theology ; but from that day I am quite sure that Father Bonneville was, at heart, a Protestant.

There is only one other incident worthy of notice which I remember in connection with the events of which I have just spoken. That was our separation from good Jeanette, who had hitherto been the companion of all our travels. For more than a month after our arrival in Zurich I remarked that she looked anxious and uneasy. She said nothing on the subject of her own feelings, however, to me, but was less communicative and more thoughtful than usual, would be in the same room with me for a long time without speaking one word

to him who was I knew the darling of her heart, and was more than once spoken to without appearing to hear.

At length one day when I entered Father Bonneville's room I found her standing before him ; and heard her say as I came in—

“I must go and see my lady. I am sure she is ill and wants help. I must go and see her. I have done nothing but dream of her every night.”

“Well, Jeanette, well,” replied he, “you must have your way ; but you know not what you undertake. At all events you had better stay till some favorable opportunity can be found for sending you in safety.”

Jeanette only shook her head, however, repeating in a low voice—

“I must go and see my lady.”

She remained with us two days after this interview, and I recollect quite well her coming into my room one night just as I was going to

bed, and looking at me very earnestly, while I, with sportsman-like care, was cleaning my rifle ere I lay down.

“Ah, Monsieur Louis,” she said in a somewhat sad tone, “you are growing a man quite fast, and I dare say, you will soon be a soldier ; but do not get into any of their bad ways here ; and never, never forget your religion. They turn older and wiser heads than yours or mine ; “but do not let them turn yours.”

“No fear, I hope, Jeanette,” I answered ; “but what do you want, my dear old dame ?”

“Nothing, nothing, but only to see what you are doing,” she replied. “I see your light burning often late of nights, and I thought you might be reading bad books that craze many strong brains. Better clean a gun by far, Louis—only never forget your religion.”

I smiled at her anxious care of one no longer a boy, little thinking that I was so soon to lose one so closely connected with every memory of

my youth, but when I rose the next morning somewhat later than usual, Jeanette was gone ; and all I could learn from Father Bonneville was, that she had set out upon a long and difficult journey, the thought of which gave him much uneasiness.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PLEASURES OF BATTLE.*

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I WAS coming down the hill, and about five miles distant from the town, but my eyes had been rendered more keen by my hunter's

* Part of the manuscript, extending from page 56 to 61 is here wanting. As far as I can judge, the deficiency refers to a period of about 5 or 6 months, and I think the pages must have been destroyed by the writer.

sports, and I was quite sure that it was so. The glittering of arms, both upon the heights above the city, and in the valley on the other side of the river, was perfectly distinct. Yet so still and silent was everything, that I could hardly believe two hostile armies were there in presence of each other. Not a sound broke the stillness of the mountain air. No trumpet, no drum was heard at that moment; and my companion, Karl, would not believe that what I said was true.

Soon after, we dipped into one of those profound wooded ravines which score the side of the mountains, and the scene was lost to our sight; but as we crossed over one of the shoulders of the hill again, and were forced to rise a little, in order to descend still farther, the loud boom of a cannon came echoing through the gorges, like a short and distant clap of thunder. The moment after, the full roar of a whole park of artillery was heard,

shaking the hills around ; and when we topped the height, we could see a dense cloud of bluish smoke rolling along to well-defined lines below.

Karl paused abruptly, saying—

“ We are well here, Louis. Better stay till it is over. We can help neither party, and shall only get our heads broke.”

Such reasoning was good enough for him—an orphan and tieless as he was—a mere child of the mountain ; but I thought of good Father Bonneville, and told him, at once, that I should go on, and why. He would then fain have gone with me ; but I would not suffer him ; and leaving the chamois with him, I hurried as rapidly down as I could, taking many a bold leap, and many a desperate plunge, while the sound of cannon and musketry kept ringing in my ears, till I reached a spot where it was absolutely necessary to pause, and consider what was to be done next.

I had come unexpectedly, not exactly into the midst of the battle that was going on, but to a point near that at which on the right of the French line, a strong body of infantry were pushing forward with fixed bayonets against an earthwork cresting the plateau, well defended by cannon. The guns were thundering upon the advancing column at the distance of about three hundred yards upon my left, and the Austrian infantry were already within a hundred paces of the steep ascent, along the face of which my path led towards the town. I was myself upon a pinnacle of a hill, a little above either party, and my only chance of making my way forward, was by taking a leap of some ten feet down, to a spot where a *sapin* started from the bold rock, and thence by a small circuit, getting into the rear of the Austrian infantry. It was a rash attempt; for if I missed my footing on the roots of the tree, I was sure to be dashed to pieces; and I was

somewhat incumbered by my rifle. I took the risk, however, and succeeded ; and then hurried forward as fast as I could go.

But now a new danger was before me—to say nothing of the murderous fire from the French battery—for by the time I had reached the point from which I could best pass into the suburb, the Austrian infantry had been repulsed for the moment, and were retreating in great confusion. I know not how to describe my feelings at that moment—afraid I certainly was not ; but I felt my head turn with the wild bustle and indistinct activity of the scene. A number of men passed me, running in utter disarray. An officer galloped after them, shouting and commanding, for some time, in vain. At length, however, he succeeded in rallying them, just as I was passing along. The moment they were once more formed, he turned his eyes to the front, where another regiment, or part of a regiment, had been

already rallied, and seeing me at some forty yards distance, he spurred on, and asked me, in German, whether there was a way up the steep to the left of the line. Luckily, I spoke the language fluently, and replied that there was, pointing out to him the path by which I usually descended. Without paying any further attention to me, he hurried back to the head of his corps, and I ran on as fast as possible to get out of the way of the next charge.

There was a little bridge which I had to pass, where not more than four or five men could go abreast, and over it a small body of Austrians were forcing their way, at the point of the bayonet, against a somewhat superior party of the French troops, who, in fact, were willing enough to retreat, seeing that a considerable impression had been made upon their right, and that they were likely to be cut off. At the same time, however, they would not be driven back without resistance, and several

men fell. I followed impulsively the rear of the Austrians, where I observed one or two of the Swiss hunters appavelled very much like myself, who were using their rifles, with deadly effect, amongst the officers of the Republican army ; nor was it to be wondered at, after all that had happened. I could not, however, bring myself to give any assistance, and kept my gun under my arm, with the belt twisted round my wrist.

As soon as the bridge was forced, the Austrians debouched upon the ground beyond with greater rapidity and precision than the French seemed to expect ; and while their right retreated in tolerable order towards the heights, their left scattered in confusion, and sought refuge in the suburbs of the town.

I took the same direction, and the first little street I entered was so crowded with fugitives, comprising a number of the townspeople, who, looking forth to see the battle, had been taken

by surprise on the sudden rush of the French soldiers in that direction, that it was impossible to pass ; and although I saw a sort of tumult going on before me, and heard a gun or two fired, I turned away down the first narrow street, only eager to be with my good preceptor, who lived in a little street beyond the third turning.

When I entered that street, the sun, a good deal declined, poured straight down it, and I could see two or three groups of not more than two or three persons in each, with the dress of the Republican French soldier conspicuous here and there. I ran on eagerly, and passed three persons all apparently struggling together. One was a woman, another a French soldier, and the third, who had his back toward me, so that I could not see his face, was endeavouring to protect the woman from violence, and seemed to me, in figure, very like Lavater. I should certainly have stopped to aid him ; but there was another scene going

on a little in advance, which left me no time to think of anything else ; but the moment I had passed, I heard a shot behind me, and then a deep groan.

I gave it no thought ; for within a stone's throw I beheld an old man, whose face and figure I knew well, brutally assaulted by one of the soldiers, and falling on his knees, under a blow from the butt-end of a musket. The next instant, the soldier—if such a brute deserved the name—drew back the weapon, and ere I could have reached the spot, the bayonet would have been through Father Bonneville's body. I sent a messenger of swifter pace to stop the deed. In an instant the rifle was at my shoulder, and before I well knew that I touched the trigger, the Frenchman sprang more than a foot from the ground, and fell dead with the ball through his head.

I paused not to think—to ask myself what I had done—to consider what it is to take a

human life, or to fight against one's countrymen. I only thought of good, kind, gentle Father Bonnevillè, and springing forward, I raised him from the ground. He was bleeding from the blow on the forehead, but did not seem much hurt, and only bewildered and confused.

"Quick into the house, good Father," I cried. "Shut the lower windows and lock the door.

"Oh, my son, my son!" he exclaimed, looking at me wildly, "do not mingle in this strife!"

"Lavater is behind," I said; "I must hasten to help him. Go in, and I will join you in an instant."

"Did you do that?" he inquired, looking at the dead soldier, and then at the rifle in my hand.

"I did," I answered, in a firmer tone than might have been expected, "and he deserved

his fate. But go in, dear Father. I will return in a moment."

I led him toward the door as I spoke, and saw him enter the house; and then ran up the street to the spot where I had seen the struggle I have mentioned. Two dead bodies were lying on the pavement. One was that of a young woman of the lower class fallen partly on her side, with a bayonet-wound in the chest. The other was that of a man dressed in black, who had fallen forward on his face. I turned him over, and beheld the features of Lavater. I took his hand, and the touch showed me that death was there.

I had knelt while doing this, when a sudden sound made me attempt to rise—but I could not do so; for while still upon my knee, I was struck by the feet of two or three men, cast back upon the ground, and trampled under foot by a number of Austrians in full flight. Everything became dark and confused. I saw

the long gaiters, and caught a glance of arms and accoutrements, and felt heavy feet set upon my chest, and on my head—and then all was night.

Although the weather was hot, and summer at its height, in that high mountain region the night was almost invariably cool. Probably that circumstance saved my life; for I must have remained, I know, several hours on the pavement untended, and perhaps unnoticed by any one. When I recovered my senses, it was nearly midnight, and then I found several good souls around me. One woman was bathing my head and chest with cold water, while a man supported my shoulders upon his knee. The first objects I saw, however, were three or four persons moving the body of the woman, near whom I had fallen, to a small hand-bier. The body of Lavater was already gone.

“Look, look, he opens his eyes!” cried the woman who was tending me so kindly. “Poor

lad! we shall get him round! Where will you be taken to, young man?"

I named faintly the house where we lodged, and then another woman, who was standing by, exclaimed,

"Heaven! it is young Lassi! Better take him to the hospital."

I tried in vain to inquire after Father Bonnevillle; for a faint, death-like sensation came over me, and I was obliged to let them do what they pleased with me. A blanket was soon procured; and placed in it, as in a hammock, I was carried up into the higher part of the town to the hospital, and there laid upon a bed, in a ward where some hundreds of wounded men were already congregated. A surgeon, with his hands bloody, an apron on, and a saw under his arm, soon came to me, and asked where I was wounded. I endeavoured to answer, but could not make myself intelligible; and putting down the saw, he ordered me to

be stripped, and examined me all over. Two of my ribs, it seemed had been broken, and my head terribly beaten about. Indeed, I was one general bruise. But my limbs were all sound, and in four or five days, although I suffered a great deal of pain, and the scenes which were going on around me were not calculated to revive the spirits of any one, I was sufficiently recovered to make inquiries for Father Bonnevile, whenever I saw a new face, and to send a message for him to the house where we lodged, giving him notice that I was to be found at the hospital.

Father Bonneville himself did not appear, but our landlord came in his stead—a good, plain, honest man, of a kindly disposition. He told me, much to my consternation, that my good friend, as he called him, had been carried off as a prisoner by the Austrians, after they got possession of the town; that he was suspected of being one of the French Revolu-

tionary Agents, and that most likely he would have been hanged at once, without the testimony of himself, our landlord, who had come forward to prove that he was a quiet, inoffensive man, who meddled not with politics in any shape, and would have gladly got out of the town, after the French occupation, had it been possible. This saved his life for the time; but the only favour that could be obtained was that the case should be reserved for further investigation.

At the time he was carried away, Father Bonneville was perfectly ignorant of my fate, the landlord said, and feared that I had been killed. The good man, however, promised that he would make every inquiry for my friend, and urged me, in the meantime, to have myself carried to his house as soon as possible. For more than a fortnight, during which time I was unable to quit the hospital, he came every day to see me, but brought no intelligence of

Father Bonneville. At length he had me removed to his own house, and there he, and his good old wife, attended upon me with great kindness till I was quite well.

As soon as I could move about, the landlord told me that Monsieur Charlier, as he called him, had left with him a hundred louis d'ors for me, in case of my return.

“And lucky he did so,” added the old gentleman, “for the Austrians ransacked every thing in both your rooms, upon the pretence of searching for papers, and left not a bit of silver worth a *batz* that they could lay their hands upon.”

Days passed—weeks, and yet no tidings could be obtained of good Father Bonneville; and thus was I left, ere I had reached the age of nineteen, to make a way for myself in life, with a small store of clothing, a few books, a rifle, and one hundred louis.

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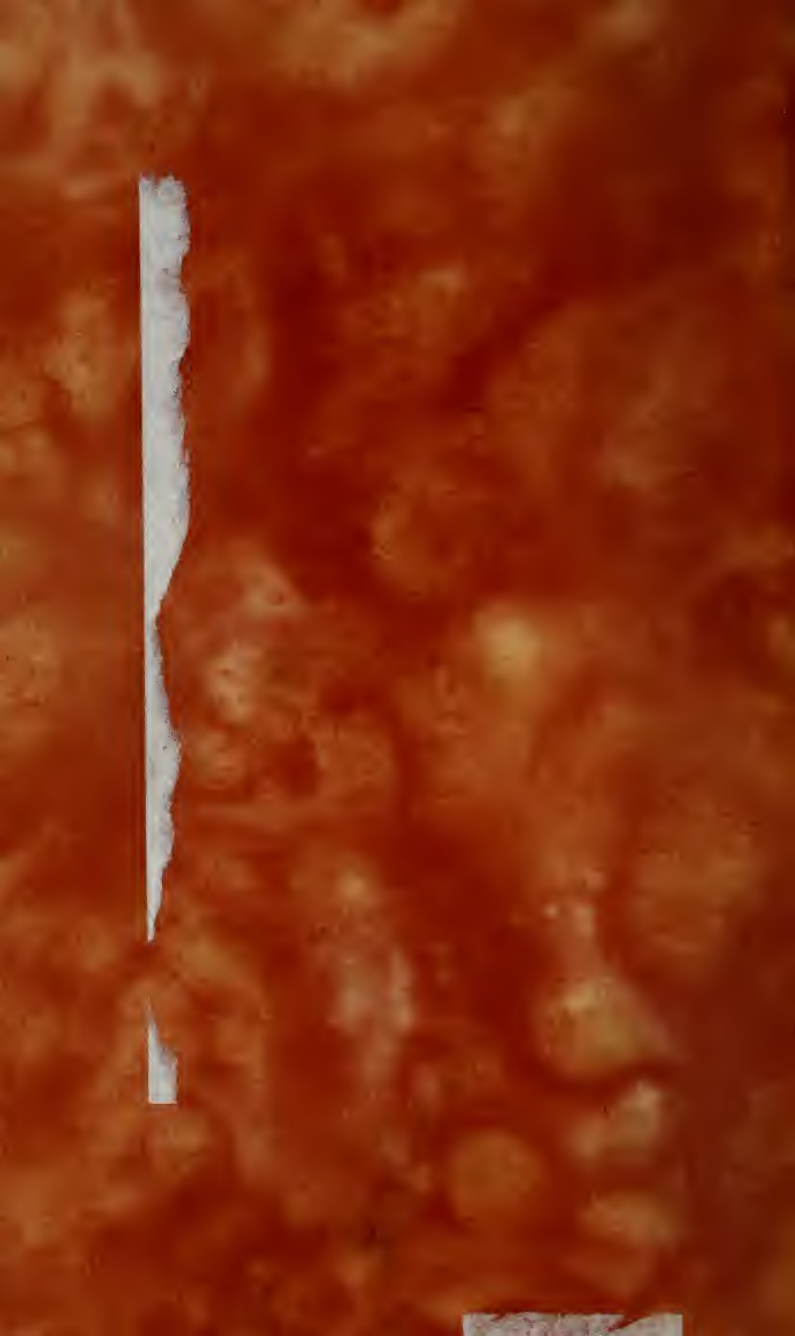
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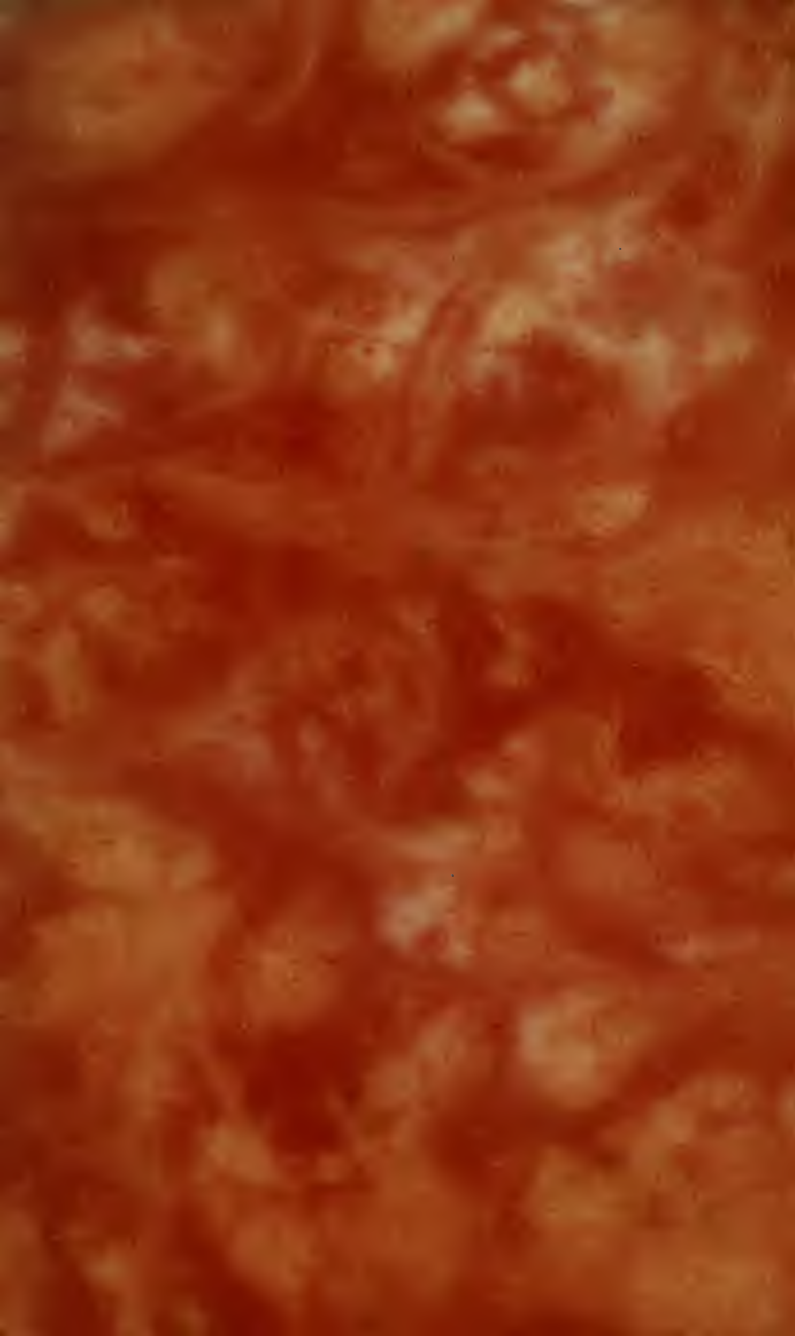
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